

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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ONLY the name is shortened...

HARDEN'S **"DOG-CHI"** TEA

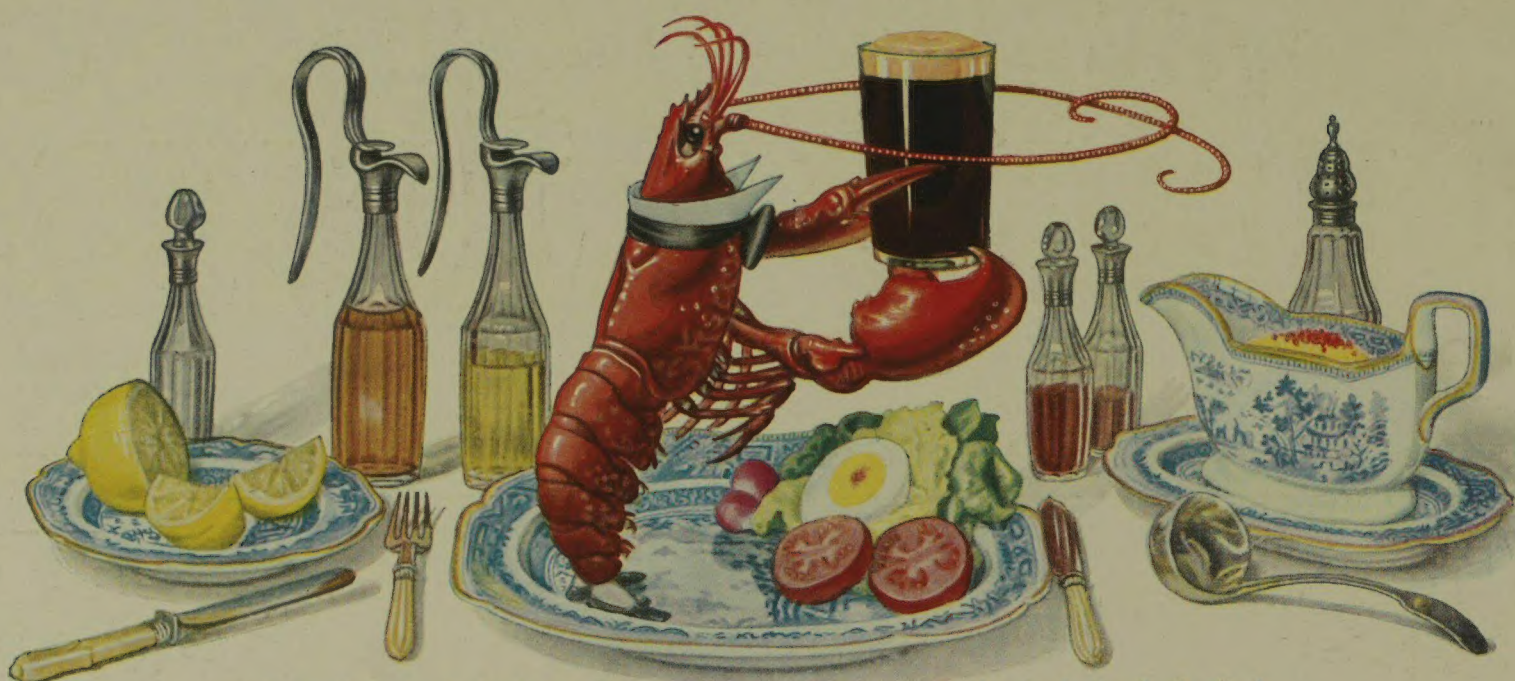
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CORPORATION

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'Tis the choice of the gourmet...

... I heard him declare,

"What matters the menu if Guinness be there?
Be it duck Bigarade, be it chicken Suprême,
It is Guinness we epicures really acclaim,
And oysters and lobsters and fish of the sea
Without it are sawdust and ashes to me.
But I really don't mind if you dish up a stone—
I would cheerfully banquet off Guinness alone."

I passed by his table, and marked with what care
He poured out the nectar, so foaming and fair,
And how fondly he gazed at the head, like thick cream,
And the velvety depths with their ruby-like gleam.
I saw with what fervour (but no undue haste)
He savoured in sips that delectable taste.
To see him so relish that Guinness, I thought it
An honour—though 'twas for myself I had bought it.



GUINNESS IS

GOOD FOR YOU



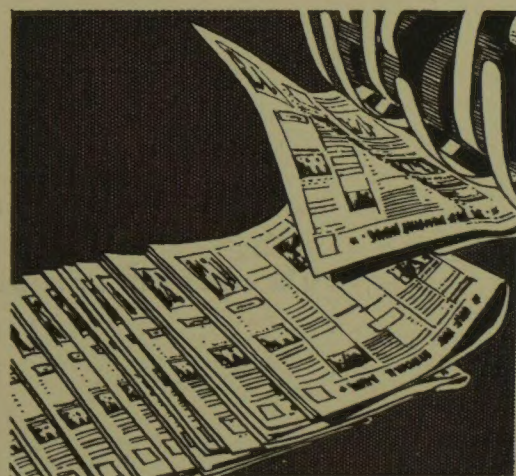
Instead of 'clatter' it goes 'wumph'

THE MORNING PAPER announces itself to the British family by a discreet click of the letter-box. In the United States the headlines come 'sailing' through the air to land with a thud on the porch. Yet however they arrive, these newspapers share more than the bond of language.

For in the United States, as in Britain, many newspapers are printed on paper made by Bowaters. And the numbers of such newspapers grow as fresh supplies of paper flow from the new mills built by Bowaters at Calhoun in Tennessee. Here 130,000 tons of newsprint are

produced each year and the whole of this output has been bought by newspaper publishers in the Southern States for 15 years ahead. The Bowater Organisation is helping to safeguard the supply of newsprint well into the foreseeable future.

In this democratic world the course of history may well be determined at the breakfast tables of British and American families. The newspapers that we read influence our thoughts, our opinions, our everyday actions. Newsprint is vital to our continuing civilization . . . the 'clatter' and the 'wumph' are essential sounds in our lives today.



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An international organisation making paper, board and packaging materials that answer the needs of industry and trade throughout the world.

THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED



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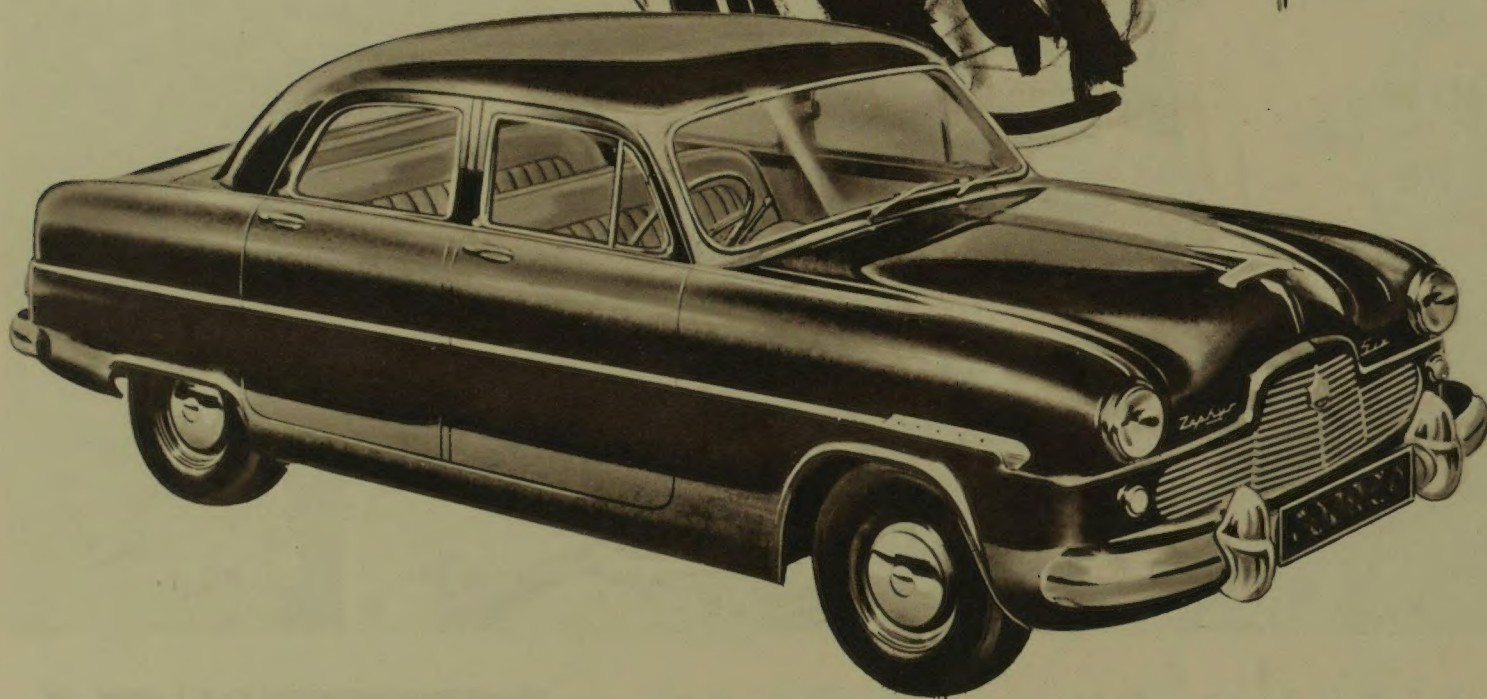
Republic of Ireland

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By Appointment Motor
Vehicle Manufacturers to
the late King George VI
Ford Motor Company Ltd.



The people who lend lustre to the Salle des Jeux

are people who — in certain important decisions — take no chances at all!

The cars which stand waiting in the moonlight are themselves celebrities . . .

proved and approved, faultless in performance and style.

There you will always find the Zephyr-6.

FORD '5-STAR' MOTORING

The best at lowest cost



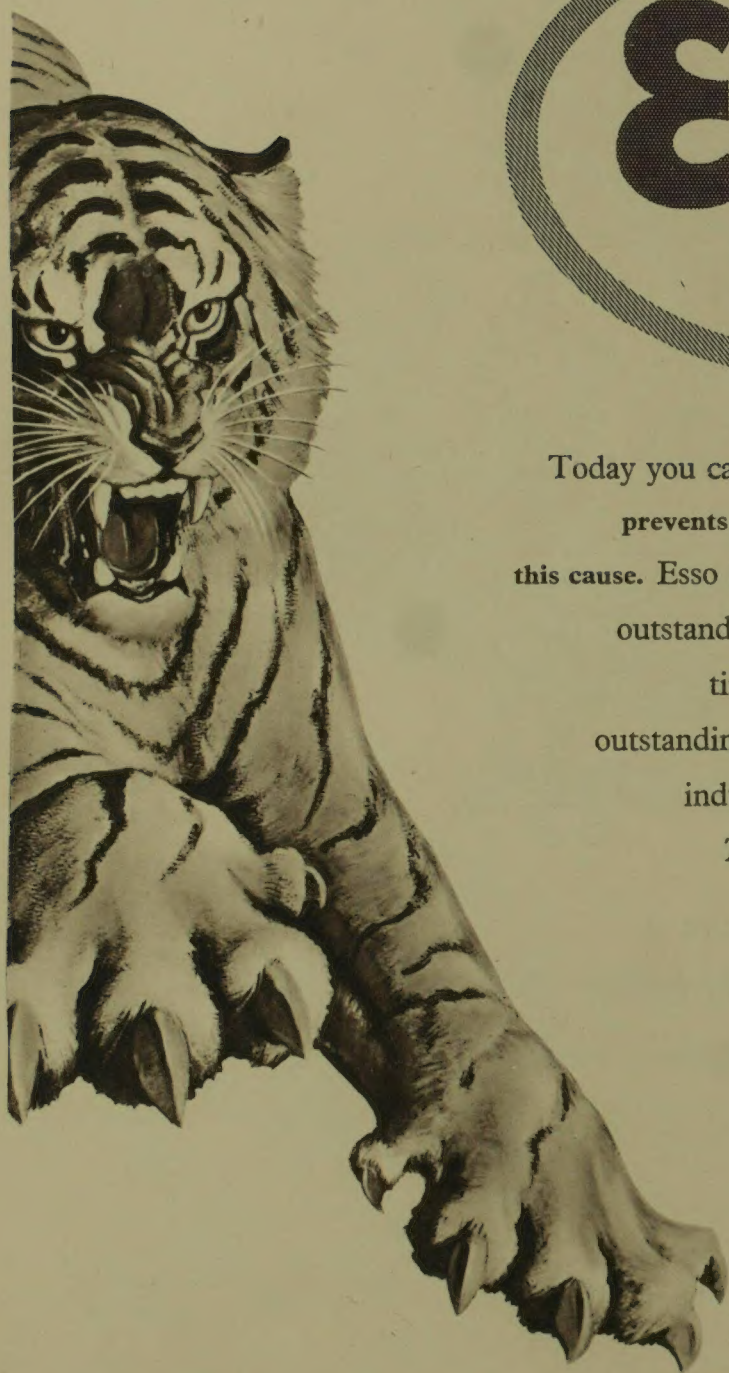
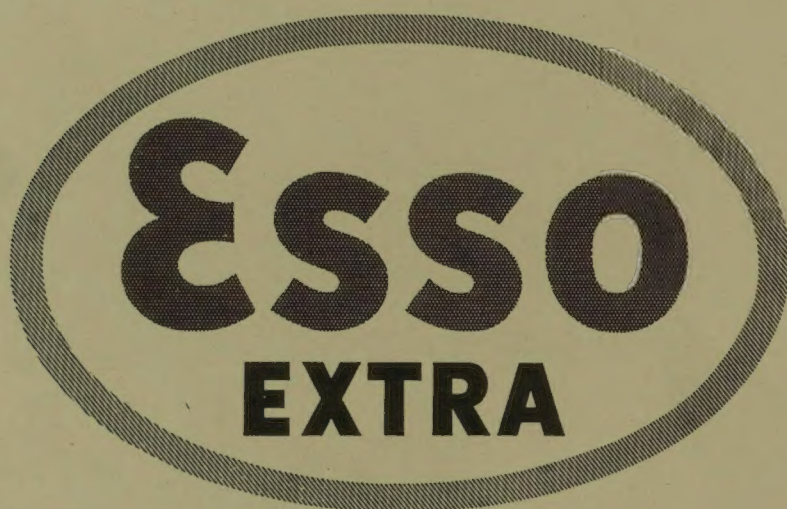


*"Do you think I might have a
little whisky instead: I should prefer
White Horse if you have it."*

TODAY YOU CAN BUY

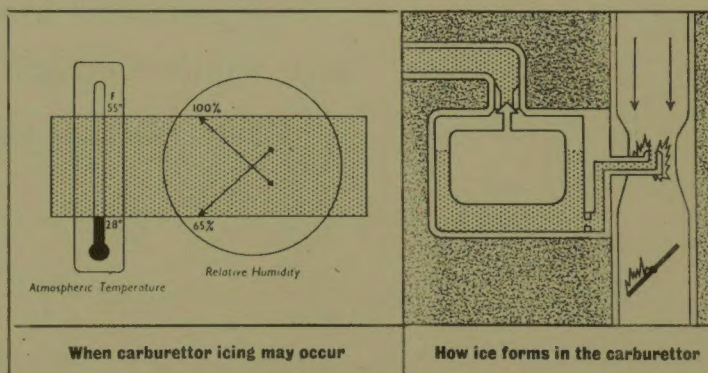
instant starting, anti-icing

WINTER GRADE



Today you can buy Esso Extra Winter Grade—the petrol that positively prevents all forms of carburettor icing and loss of power or sudden stalling from this cause. Esso Extra Winter Grade gives instant starting, faster warm-up, outstanding acceleration, maximum power with low petrol consumption at all times, at all temperatures. Moreover its superb quality, outstanding cleanliness and valve protecting N.S.O. virtually eliminate induction system deposits, resulting in a cleaner “breathing” engine.

Try it and prove it yourself — fill up with Esso Extra Winter Grade today.



The addition of Esso's exclusive new anti-icing feature plus valve protecting N.S.O. gives Esso Extra a combination of qualities unmatched anywhere in the world.

In some modern carburetors rapid vaporisation of highly volatile petrol freezes moisture in the air and builds up ice formation in the choke area of the carburetor. This restricts the air flow causing an increase in petrol consumption, loss of power and, in extreme cases, engine stalling. Carburetor icing may be experienced at any time during cool humid weather when the temperature is between about 28° and 55° F and relative humidity is between 65 and 100%. Carburetor icing cannot happen, under any conditions, with Esso Extra Winter Grade.

THE FINEST PETROL IN THE WORLD

Great enthusiasm for the new DAIMLER REGENCY Mk II



THE SWIFT, IMMACULATE CAR FOR MEN OF AFFAIRS

THE RECENT introduction at the Motor Show of the magnificent new Daimler Regency Mk.II has given immense satisfaction to all motorists who have been awaiting a new *big* Daimler. The Regency is undoubtedly a big car—spacious, luxurious and dignified—and of infinite value to the busy man of affairs.

But the Regency's capacity for providing an extremely high degree of comfort for five adults in no way detracts from a remarkable performance, for this aristocrat of a car is also fast and most enjoyably manoeuvrable.

Like every Daimler it handles like silk . . . thanks to fluid

transmission. The Regency is available with 3½ or 4½ litre engine. The 3½ litre gives a cruising speed of over 70 with a top speed of over 80 mph. The corresponding figures for the 4½ litre are 80 and 90 mph.

The price, too, has met with approval—the inclusive figure of £2324. 9. 2 (for the 3½ litre) being generally considered extremely reasonable for such a car. Also causing great interest are the new *specialist's* 4½ litre Sportsman saloon and the new Daimler 'Regina' 7-seater limousine. The Regency Mk.II has the new Dunlop Tubeless Tyres fitted as standard equipment.



BY APPOINTMENT
The Daimler Co. Limited,
Motor Car Manufacturers
to the late King George VI

'POWER WITH PRESTIGE'

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED • RADFORD WORKS • COVENTRY

By Appointment Makers of Weatherproof



Clothing to the late King George VI.

Bank of England
from Lothbury

This Week's News from **BURBERRYS**

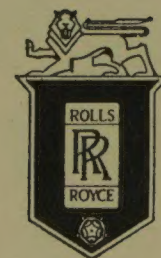
Burberrys' wide selection of overcoats in many attractive materials and a comprehensive range of fittings includes the double-breasted style illustrated. An obvious choice for formal wear, it is impeccably tailored in button-two, show-three style with four-button cuffs.

Write for Burberrys' catalogue of garments, travel and sports accessories; and for details of goods on approval.

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PROGRESS

*Approved for service
at*

10,000 lb.

thrust,

the Avon engine

powers

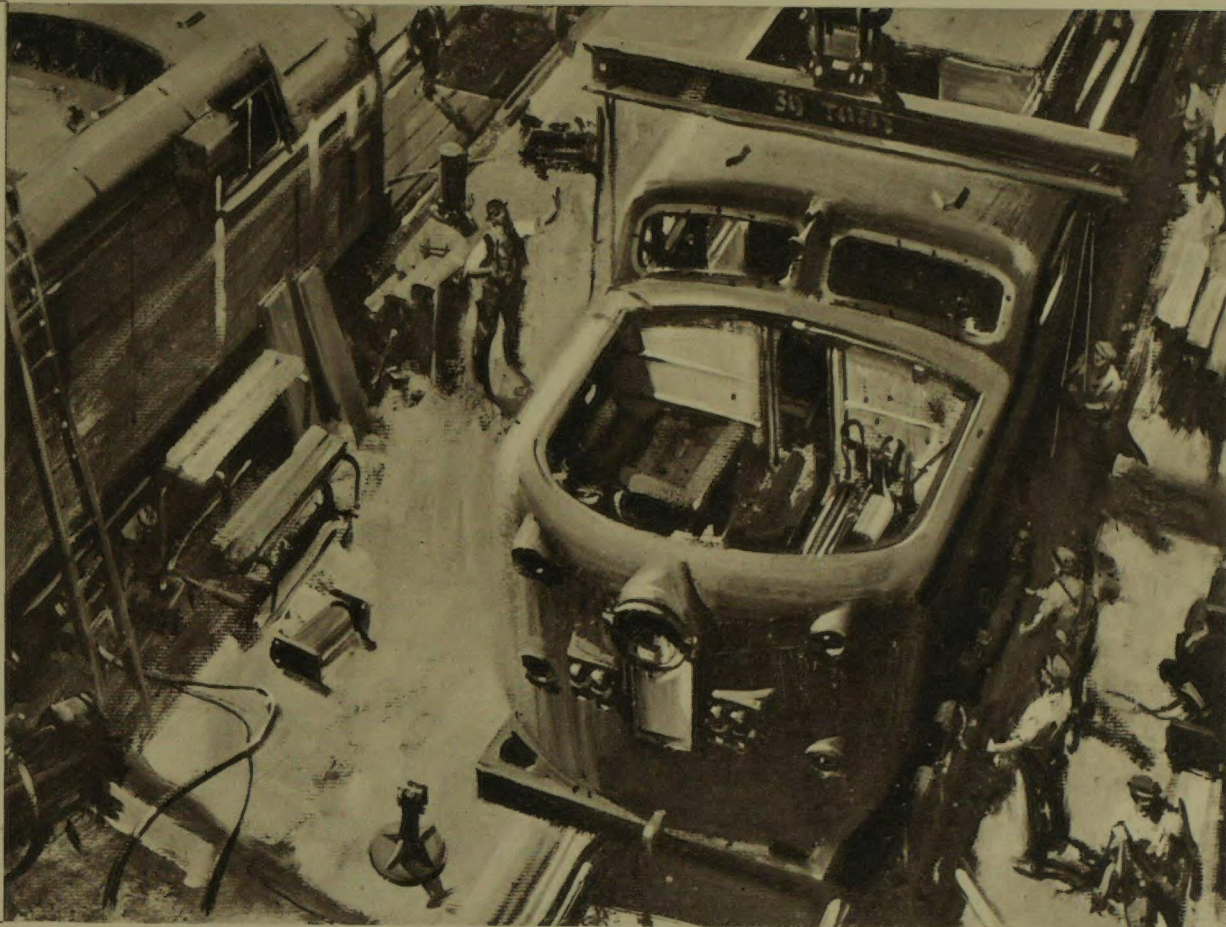
the Vickers Valiant

ROLLS-ROYCE
Aero
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ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED
DERBY · ENGLAND

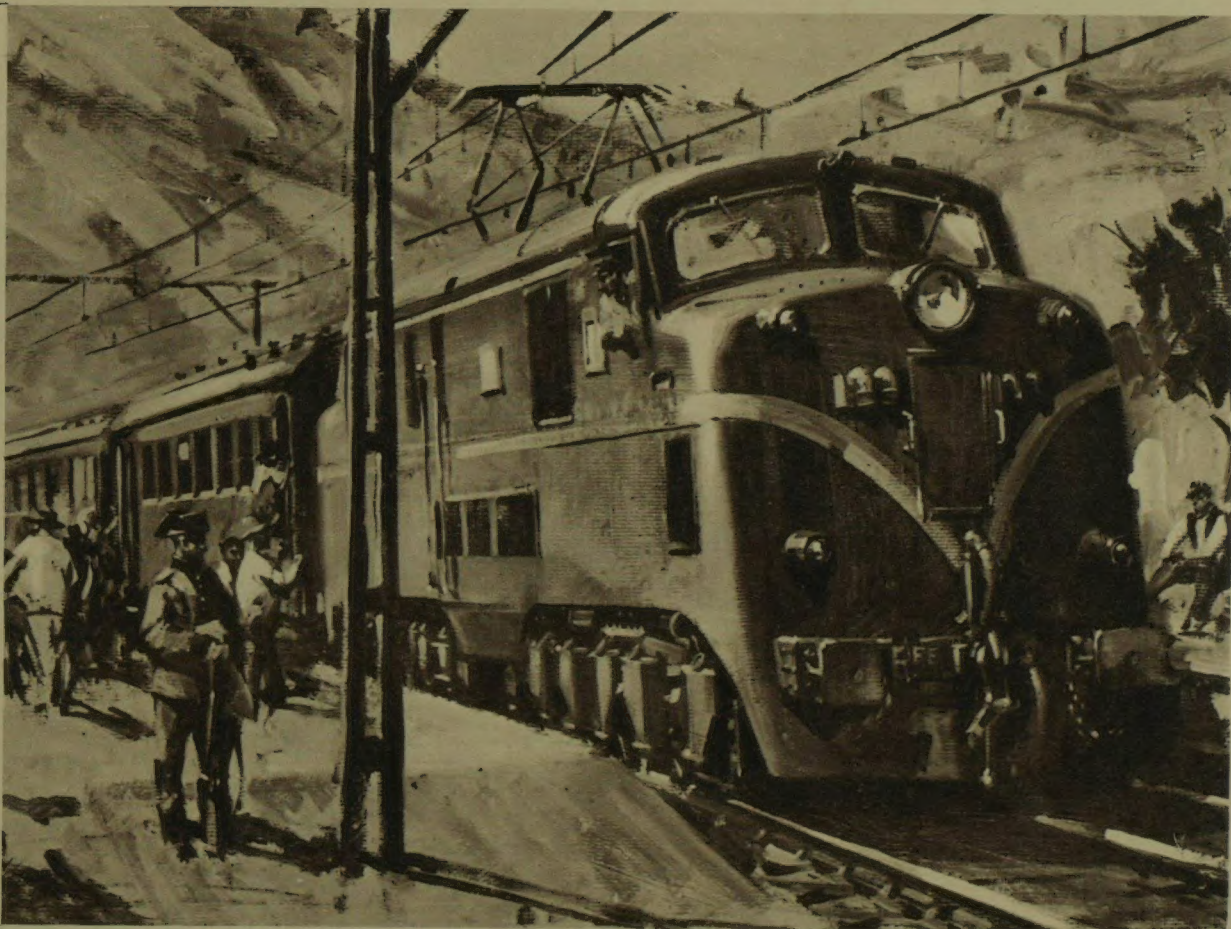
'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Providing superior acceleration with greater fuel economy, and demanding less routine attention, electric and diesel locomotives are taking over from steam in many lands. ENGLISH ELECTRIC has supplied such locomotives to 29 countries—carrying out, in many of them, complete railway electrification schemes. In every case, design and construction take full account of local conditions and particular technical and traffic requirements.



bringing you

These modern locomotives bring cleaner and more comfortable travel, faster goods and passenger services. In Spain, electric locomotives powered by ENGLISH ELECTRIC are hauling heavy trains at higher speeds over the Cantabrian mountains, on lines noted for their gradients, curves and tunnels. Helping to improve the railways of many nations is only one of this busy Company's contributions to better living in the modern world.



better living

Which ROVER fits *your* needs? Chassis, coachwork and equipment specifications are practically the same in all three Rover models. However, variations in engine size enable a wide range of individual preferences to be met, thus giving motorists still further pleasure in owning "One of Britain's fine cars".

THE '90'

Power leader of the Rover range, this fine 2½ litre 6 cyl. model adds to the luxury of beautifully finished and equipped coach work and chassis a brilliance of performance that will hold its own with most cars on the road

THE '75'

An established favourite, this model now incorporates a new 6 cyl. engine, similar in design to that of the successful Ninety. This new engine will further enhance the reputation of the Rover Seventy-Five for high performance with surprising economy.

THE '60'

Recognising that the high standard of Rover design and finish appealed to many motorists to whom low running costs were desirable, the 1954 Rover programme introduced a model with a 2 litre 4 cyl. engine—the immediately popular Sixty. Its exceptionally low fuel consumption is greatly assisted by the special F type cylinder head, exclusive to Rover engines.

The 1955 versions of all three models incorporate a number of new refinements, including a wider new window, reshaped and fully lined luggage boot and flashing type direction indicators.

ROVER

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED • SOLIHULL • BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • LONDON

CVS-260

TO THE
BIG CAR
OWNER

WHY THE *Eagle* IS BY FAR THE BEST TYRE FOR YOUR CAR



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Eagle
THE ULTIMATE
IN CAR TYRE QUALITY

BIG CARS put extra burdens on tyres. That's why the Eagle by Goodyear is by far the best tyre you can fit. Special construction makes it stronger through and through. Its carcass is built with Rayotwist cords to give it resilience and greater resistance to heat, shock, and strain. The tread is tougher to combat fast starts, high speeds and quick stops. Buttressed sidewalls protect it from kerb scuffing and make cornering far steadier. And its proved All-Weather tread gives greatest grip on any road surface. In short, the Eagle provides the utmost in mileage, luxurious riding comfort and long life — the best choice for the bigger car.

You can trust **GOOD YEAR** FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR



FROM OXFORD

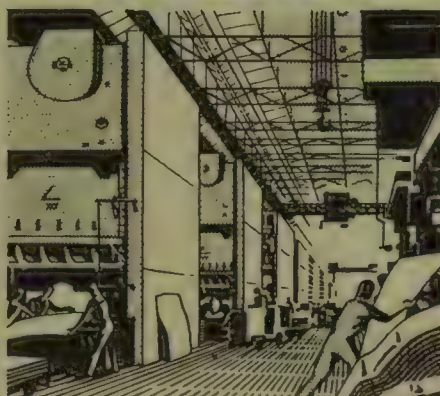
to the highways of the world

Fourteenth century stonework — and twentieth century steel.

The mellowness of age — and the power of modern industry. Oxford knows both and is great because of each. From this beautiful city, British cars travel to the four corners of the world.



From New Zealand's Southern Alps to the snow-capped mountains of Norway, in tropic rains or desert heat, in the five continents and across the seven seas Pressed Steel bodywork maintains and enhances the British tradition of craftsmanship in engineering.



PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED

Britain's largest Independent Manufacturers of

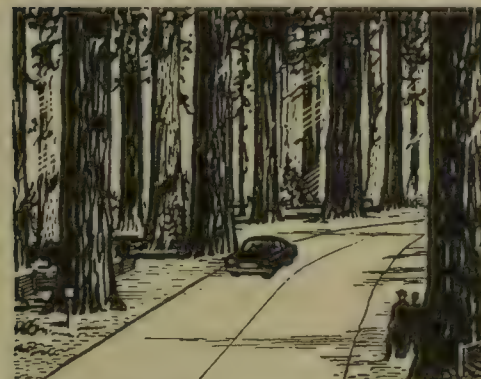
CAR BODIES



Factories: COWLEY, OXFORD • THEALE, BERKSHIRE • LINWOOD, SCOTLAND • Head Office: COWLEY • London Office: SCEPTRE HOUSE, 169 REGENT STREET, W.1
MANUFACTURERS ALSO OF PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATORS, STEEL RAILWAY WAGONS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND PRESSINGS OF ALL TYPES.



Low Countries Land of dykes and canals, and windmills turning in the sea-salt breeze. Here, British cars are a familiar sight — and Pressed Steel bodywork a guarantee of enduring strength.



World's tallest trees North of San Francisco, U.S. Highway 101 runs mile after mile through groves of giant Redwoods soaring 300 feet into the sky. Of all British cars exported to the New World the majority has bodywork by Pressed Steel Company Limited.

Cars are one of Britain's greatest, and most valuable exports — earning vital hard currency, maintaining employment, building prosperity. Pressed Steel Company Limited is proud to be associated not only with many of the most famous names in the British motor-car industry, including Austin, Daimler, Hillman, Humber, Jaguar, Morris, Morris Commercial, M.G., Riley, Rover, Singer and Wolseley, but with other manufacturers yet to achieve world renown.

Everest Leader's Tribute to Rolex

ON MAY 29TH, 1953, the British Everest Expedition, led by Brigadier Sir John Hunt, finally reached the summit of Mount Everest. Rolex Oyster Perpetual watches were supplied to the expedition. Sir John pays this tribute to Rolex.

"The Rolex Oyster Perpetual watches, with which members of the British team were equipped, again proved their dependability on Everest. We were delighted that they kept such accurate time. This ensured that synchronisation of time between the members of the team was maintained throughout.

"And the Oyster case lived up to its reputation, gained on many previous expeditions, for protecting the movement. Our Rolex Oysters were completely waterproof, unharmed by immersion in snow, and withstood the extreme change of temperature from the warm humidity of the foothills to the great cold at the high camps.

"Last, but not least, the Perpetual self-winding mechanism relieved the team from the trouble of winding their watches. At heights of over twenty-five thousand feet this is really necessary, because the mind slows up and such details as winding watches can be forgotten. There was no need either to slip off warm gloves to attend to this detail.

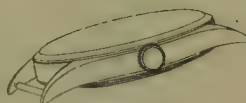
"As I have emphasized before, this expedition was built on the experience and achievement of others. Rolex Oyster watches have accompanied many previous pioneering expeditions. They performed splendidly, and we have indeed come to look upon Rolex Oysters as an important part of high climbing equipment."

John Hunt
Leader

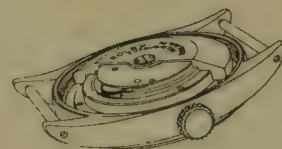
15th June, 1953
Khatmandu



As from now, all Rolex Oyster Perpetuals are graced by the new, slimmer Oyster case. This unique invention infallibly protects the movement against water, dust and damp. It is guaranteed to withstand temperatures from 10° F to 180° F (—23° C to +82° C) and to resist pressure to a depth of 150 feet (50 metres) under water.



The smooth-running, silent, self-winding "rotor" keeps the Rolex Oyster Perpetual fully wound automatically, if the watch is worn for as little as 6-8 hours a day. This constantly even tension on the mainspring makes for still greater accuracy.



THE ROLEX EXPLORER—a new watch built specially for scientists and explorers to withstand every conceivable hazard. The famous Oyster waterproof case has been strengthened to stand up to tremendous pressures. The Explorer functions perfectly to a depth of 300 feet under water and to a height of 12 miles. It is wound automatically by the unique Rolex Perpetual self-winding "rotor" which, by keeping an even tension on the mainspring, ensures the utmost accuracy. The Explorer is anti-magnetic. It has highly luminous dial-figures on a jet-black dial. It costs £49.19.6d., including the steel bracelet.



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR),
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1954.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH REMEMBER THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS: HER MAJESTY AND HER HUSBAND STANDING IN SILENT HOMAGE BY THE CENOTAPH DURING THE SERVICE ON NOVEMBER 7.

The annual service at the Cenotaph on Remembrance Sunday—this year, November 7—when men and women of every age pay homage to the dead of the two World Wars, loses none of its poignancy as the years go by. Her Majesty the Queen, wearing a bunch of Flanders poppies on her black coat as the only note of colour, led the nation in the customary proud, silent tribute

to the men and women who died in the 1914-18 and the 1939-45 conflicts. Our photograph shows her Majesty standing beside the Cenotaph in Whitehall, with the Duke of Edinburgh in naval uniform behind her, during the Two Minutes Silence, which forms such an impressive feature of the solemn ceremony. A general view of the scene appears on another page.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN one is young one's life seems to stretch in an impenetrable vista before one and to be eternal. As one grows older its brevity becomes increasingly clear. Every year, I find, brings me nearer to my own beginnings and the completion of the brief cycle of perception and experience that we call human life. Like others, I see now that I shall end almost where I began. And like others, too, as the end draws in sight, even though it may still be many years before I reach it, I find myself thinking more and more of the mystery of my life's beginning. Beyond the winning-post of death one sees the starting-point of birth, for the two stand side by side.

My own father was born in the eighteen-fifties, nearly a century ago. He inherited the beliefs, ideals, prejudices and tastes of Victorian England, and I, though born nearly forty years later, inherited them in turn from him. It often amuses me, living in a seemingly utterly different world—the world of the atom-bomb, the aeroplane, television parlour-games, boogie-woogie, and the strip cartoon—to find how strongly-rooted both I and so many of my contemporaries are in those seemingly outworn conceptions. My habits and behaviour are those of the world about me, but my values, the standards by which I judge things, remain what they have always been. My father

would certainly disapprove of much that I do or fail to do—much, indeed, as he did when I was an untidy, unpunctual boy. But he would find, I suspect, little with which to disagree in my inner beliefs and judgments. For he would recognise them as his own or almost his own. Being a weak, erring mortal, I am frequently untrue to them in practice. But in theory I find that I believe in very much the same things as Queen Victoria and Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone! And it seems improbable now that I shall ever believe in any others.

Even such minor tastes and hobbies of my father's as I originally rejected I find I am coming with age to accept. Some of his enthusiasms I embraced vigorously from the first: cricket, for instance. Though unfortunately he never succeeded in teaching me to play the game properly—for I was as clumsy at ten as I am to-day—he imbued me with the late Victorians' love of watching cricket, and I never cease to bless the paternal forethought that caused my name to be put down for membership of the M.C.C. on the day of my birth. Against three of his loves, however, I reacted in youth most strongly: golf, pre-matutinal immersion in cold water, and looking at country churches! I have still to take up golf; the eternal treadmill of paying last year's taxes out of this year's work seems to provide an eternal assurance that I shall never have the time to do so. As for early-morning bathing, even when spasmodically attempted, instead of conferring on me the bodily well-being and spiritual contentment that its habitués claim for it, this austere and purifying exercise always induces such a prolonged and piercing headache that after a day or two I give it up, not without relief, in despair! But to the visitation of country churches I have become the most confirmed addict. Where once I was literally dragged by my father up damp churchyard paths to admire some cheerless Perpendicular porch or Gothic arch, I now ecstasically advance, dragging others. No development of my latter years could, I feel sure, have given my father so much pleasure as this unexpected conversion. A self-imposed task, the study of early English history—a subject of which I was almost totally ignorant—initiated me into this pseudo-learned recreation. But I have been astonished by the zest with which I have now embraced it. It almost makes me suspect that in a few years more I may be applying for membership of "the Royal and Ancient," or have formed the habit, like a heroic septuagenarian aunt of mine, of plunging every morning into cold water with a piercing but stoic scream!

Coming to the pleasure of church architecture late in life and approaching it, in the way of my profession, as part of the telling of our English story, I have probably found it more fascinating than I should have done in any other way. So, though my father, as I have found, was right in this matter

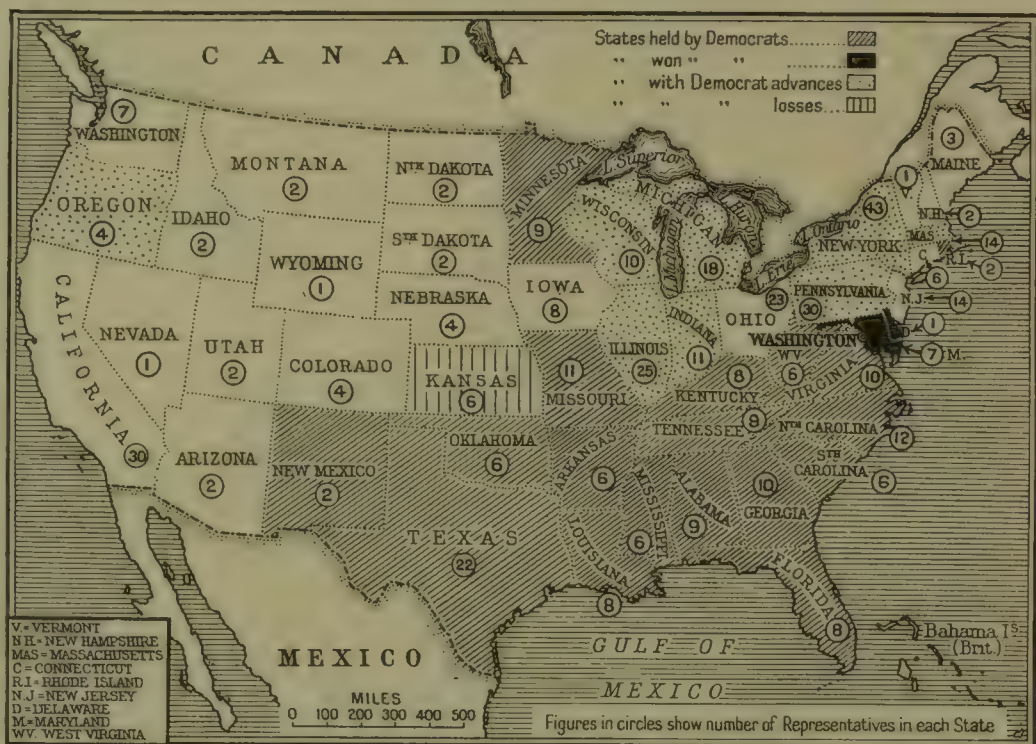
as in others, I am glad that I was at first allergic to his teaching. I should not otherwise be enjoying myself so much now. For 500 years—a period as long as that which divides us from the Wars of the Roses—our ancestors built churches as though it was the most important activity in existence. They built them as though their lives, in this world and the next, depended on doing so. They raised cathedrals and abbeys, minsters and parish churches, chapels and chantries in every corner of the land; and, when they had completed them, they improved them and pulled them down and rebuilt them on what seemed to them new and better models. They filled them with carvings and sculptures in stone and wood and alabaster, with paintings and coloured glass, with ornaments of silver and gold and precious stones. Generation after generation of wonderful artists and craftsmen gave their best to this apparently all-absorbing activity. Three great schools of ecclesiastical architecture, all equally original and equally magnificent, succeeded one another in this island: Norman, Gothic, and Perpendicular. Two of them were common to all the Christian lands of northern Europe; the third was peculiar to England alone. Though their features are often blended in our churches, all were radically different from one another. To

realise how different, one has only to visit in turn, say, first Peterborough or Durham, then Salisbury, and then King's College Chapel. Fortunately, owing to the limitations of mediæval constitutional engineering, the task of completely rebuilding every church in England in a new style in every century was an undertaking even beyond the zeal of our ancestors, and to this we owe the inexhaustible excitement of English ecclesiastical sightseeing. For, from the largest cathedral to the smallest parish church, any building entered may reveal the work of half-a-dozen different periods and styles existing in perfection side by side. To the artist and the historian alike this is a constant delight. How much art and how much history, for instance, are contained in that magnificent building, Christchurch Priory, in Hampshire, once the private chapel of a great monastery, now the parish church of a seaside town! And what limit is there to what can be learned of both in, say, Canterbury Cathedral, or York Minster, or Westminster Abbey?

Perhaps to a historian the most moving thing of all about this great national heritage of ecclesiastical architecture is to reflect on the circumstances in which so many of these splendid churches were raised. The greatest of all England's artistic achievements—worthy to stand beside her Parliament

and her Common Law—is the unique and highly original style of church building that we call, a little absurdly, Perpendicular. Yet the vast majority of our Perpendicular churches were raised between the middle of the fourteenth century and the end of the fifteenth; that is, between the first great epidemic of the Black Death or bubonic plague and the last battle of the Wars of the Roses. During that time the country was repeatedly and continuously at war both with France—a powerful nation with several times its population—with Scotland, and, most damaging of all, with itself. Two of its kings were dethroned, two were murdered, and one went mad. Its entire royal family and higher aristocracy became engaged in a suicidal and destructive internecine strife. There were also two popular social risings. Yet while all this was happening, and while government was paralysed by crippling and unpayable debt, the people of England—lords and clerics, clothiers and wool-merchants, knights and franklins, masons and carpenters and glaziers—were engaged in raising these superb churches that to-day are the crowning glory of our land. That a little Fenland village should raise such a church as Walpole St. Peter—and there are hundreds, even thousands of parish churches in the land almost as remarkable—seems to me a thing to be as proud of, as a people, as our victory at Trafalgar or the Bill of Rights or Shakespeare's plays. It is a miracle that in the past we have tended to take almost entirely for granted, and that one trusts—for it is heritage that demands constant love and care to preserve—we shall take for granted no longer.

CHANGES IN THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



THE DISTRIBUTION OF VOTING STRENGTH FOR THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES; AND THE INCIDENCE OF RECENT CHANGES IN THE MID-TERM ELECTIONS, ILLUSTRATED IN A MAP OF THE STATES.

By November 4 it was clear that the results of the U.S. mid-term elections (affecting all the House of Representatives and a proportion of the Senate) amounted to the Democrats gaining control of both Houses. Before the election in a House which had four vacancies, the Republicans had a majority of six; in the new House, the Democrats have a majority of 29 (subject to recount). In the old Senate the Republicans had a majority of 2; in the new (subject to recount) the Democrats have a majority of 2, since the Independent, Senator Wayne Morse, generally votes with them. The Democrat gains in the House, as can be seen from the map, were mostly made in the more densely populated Eastern States, Republican gains in the south or mid-west. Representation in the House depends on population, and each State's quota is shown in figures on the map. Each State, irrespective of size, sends two Senators to Congress. Those States which are shown unshaded on the map are either Republican-held without change (as, for example, Nebraska) or are equally held by both parties, there having been no change (as, for example, Montana). States marked with oblique shading are held by the Democrats, either entirely (as Alabama) or by a majority (as Kentucky).

Map reproduced by courtesy of "The Times."



THE TRADITIONAL, DEEPLY MOVING ANNUAL COMMEMORATION OF THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE CENOTAPH ON NOVEMBER 7.

The service at the Cenotaph on Remembrance Day (this year, November 7) has become an integral strand in the fabric of our national life. Our photograph shows the scene this year in Whitehall, looking towards Trafalgar Square, with the Queen and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Gloucester on the far side of the monument. Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester and other members of the Royal family watched from a balcony of the Home Office (left). The massed bands of the Brigade of Guards are seen (left); and (right) the choristers of the

Chapel Royal. Detachments from the fighting Services, the Women's Services, the Merchant Navy, fishing fleets, Civil Defence, Merchant Air Service, for the first time, and ex-Service men, including disabled men, formed a square round the Cenotaph. The Bishop of London conducted the service, and after the Two Minutes Silence and the sounding of the Last Post by trumpeters of the R.A.F. and the Reveille by buglers of the Royal Marines, her Majesty placed the first wreath on the base of the Cenotaph.

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.: THE QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT TO THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.



IN THE MELLON GALLERY OF ART: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH MRS. EISENHOWER, LOOKING AT A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA PAINTED BY WINTERHALTER.



AT A RECEPTION GIVEN BY A JOINT COMMITTEE OF PRESS AND RADIO CORRESPONDENTS: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE STATLER HOTEL, SURROUNDED BY MEMBERS OF THE PRESS.



IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION'S NEW "HALL OF LADIES": THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH MRS. EISENHOWER, LOOKING AT MODELS OF FORMER "FIRST LADIES."

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, whose personality has conquered the hearts of so many people in the United States, arrived by air in Washington on November 4, having flown from New York in President Eisenhower's personal aircraft, for a five-day visit to the capital. At the White House, where her Majesty spent two days, she was welcomed by President and Mrs. Eisenhower. In the evening there was a State dinner at the White House which was attended by leading U.S. and Commonwealth statesmen. On her first morning in Washington the Queen Mother, accompanied by Mrs. Eisenhower, paid informal visits to the Smithsonian



ARRIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON NOVEMBER 4: THE QUEEN MOTHER GREETED BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AS SHE STEPS FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL CAR.



GAZING UP AT THE AIRCRAFT IN WHICH LINDBERGH MADE HIS EPIC FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: THE QUEEN MOTHER IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

Institution and the National Gallery of Art, the latter being better known as the Mellon Gallery. After luncheon at the White House the Royal visitor spent an hour talking informally to members of the Press at a reception at the Statler Hotel. On November 6, before leaving to take up residence at the British Embassy for a few days, the Queen Mother, accompanied by Mrs. Eisenhower, visited the Library of Congress and later drove to the Pentagon. In the shopping centre of the vast Pentagon her Majesty was greatly interested in the American drug store. Later she visited the Arlington National Cemetery.



A UNIVERSALLY ADMIRER NOBEL PEACE PRIZE WINNER: DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER, PHILOSOPHER, MUSICIAN, THEOLOGIAN AND MISSIONARY DOCTOR WHO DELIVERED HIS NOBEL LECTURE ON NOVEMBER 4.

The award of the Nobel Peace Prize, 1952, to Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the Alsatian musician, philosopher, author and missionary doctor, roused general enthusiasm, but he was not able to leave his hospital in Africa until this year to receive the award and deliver the Nobel lecture. He had a very enthusiastic reception in Oslo and made a notable speech on November 4 in the Festival Hall of Oslo University before King Haakon and Princess Astrid. He spoke of the "uneasy armistice" in the world, and said that man had become superman in science and technology, but had not acquired the corresponding wisdom. Dr. Schweitzer is a remarkable

figure who commands world-wide admiration. At the age of thirty, after he had achieved fame as a musician, philosopher, theologian and biographer, he began to study medicine; and in 1913 he and his wife went to Gabon, a remote spot in French Equatorial Africa, to devote themselves to relieving the misery of the natives by founding the now celebrated hospital of Lambaréné. When funds ran out Dr. Schweitzer returned to Europe to raise them by giving Bach concerts, as he is a great organist. Since its foundation the hospital has grown, and there are now two surgeons and nine nurses; and a special Leper village has been established.

Exclusive Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



VISITING ENGLAND: SAYED ISMAIL EL-AZHARI, THE SUDANESE PRIME MINISTER.
Sayed Ismail el-Azhari, the first Prime Minister of the Sudan and a leader of the National Union Party, arrived at London Airport on November 6 on a four-day official visit to this country. He was accompanied by Sayed Yasin el-Fadl, Minister of Social Affairs and National Guidance, and Sayed Ali Abdel Rahman, Minister of Justice.



APPOINTED TO THE QUAI D'ORSAI: M. MASSIGLI.
M. Massigli, the French Ambassador to the United Kingdom, is a distinguished and experienced diplomat. He has served in Europe and Africa since 1929, and in 1942 he became Commissioner for Foreign Affairs on the French Committee of National Liberation; and he has been Ambassador to Britain since 1944.



TO BE FRENCH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: M. CHAUVEL.
M. Chauvel, who will succeed M. Massigli as French Ambassador in London, is a distinguished and experienced diplomat. He has served in Europe and Africa since 1929, and in 1942 he became Commissioner for Foreign Affairs on the French Committee of National Liberation; and he has been Ambassador to Britain since 1944.



APPOINTED TO WASHINGTON: M. COUVE DE MURVILLE.
M. Couve de Murville, the Permanent French Representative to the United Nations, has been appointed to the post of French Ambassador in Washington. He had until recently been French Ambassador in Cairo. M. Peroli, Secretary-General at the Quai d'Orsay, will become the French Delegate to N.A.T.O.



DIED, AGED SEVENTY-THREE: FIELD MARSHAL VON KLENOW.
Field Marshal Ewald von Klenow, who has died in prison in Russia, devoted his career before World War II, to building up and training the German armed forces. In 1940 he commanded the armored group which broke through to the Channel coast, and later led the drive into the Ukraine. He was taken prisoner in 1945 by the Americans.



DIED ON NOV. 3, AGED EIGHTY-EIGHT: LORD COLGRAIN.
The former chairman of the National Provincial Bank and president of the British Bankers' Association from 1938-46, Lord Colgrain died at his home. The eldest son of Mr. G. W. Campbell, he was created a baron in 1946. He is a past governor of the London Assurance, and was chairman of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Co.



NOMINATED ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN: MGR. MONTINI.
A Pro-Secretary of State at the Vatican, Mgr. Giovanni Battista Montini has been nominated by Pope as Archbishop of Milan in succession to the late Cardinal Schuster. Mgr. Montini is one of the two Pro-Secretaries who have been sharing the responsibility of the office of Cardinal-Secretary of State.



DIED ON NOVEMBER 8: LIEUT.-GENERAL E. F. NORTON.
Lieut.-Gen. Norton, who was 70, had been Colonel-Commandant, R.A., since 1941, and was a member of the Mount Everest expeditions of 1922 and 1924, in the latter of which he climbed to within 1,000 ft. of the summit. He was acting Governor and C.-in-C., Hongkong, later commanding the Western (Independent) District of India for a time.



ON HIS WAY TO PRISON: HASSAN EL-HODEIBY.
Has been plotting to kill all the officers of the Egyptian Council of the Revolutionary Command except the President. Hassan el-Hodeiby, the Egyptian Prime Minister, was arrested in Alexandria on Oct. 31. Major Saleh, Min. of National Guidance, said that 160 officers of the Army were also to have been "removed."



INVESTED WITH THE GEORGE MEDAL BY THE QUEEN: MISS FREDA HOLLAND.
On November 2 the Queen invested Miss Freda Holland, night sister-in-law, with the George Medal. It was awarded for her courage in attempting to save fifteen babies in the fire in the home last April, during which she was severely burned. Her Majesty said: "It must have been a terrifying experience."



(Above, left): GUESTS AT A LUNCHEON: (L. TO R.) C. CHATAWAY, MRS. PICKERING (MISS J. DESFORGES), J. PETERS AND R. BARNISTER.
Athletes and officials of the British team which won the Empire Games at Vancouver in August were guests at a luncheon given on November 4 at the Savoy Hotel by the British Sportsmen's Club. R. Barnister, winner of the mile race, had previously been chosen by the Sports Writers' Association as the sportsman to have contributed most to Britain's international prestige in 1954.



CELEBRATING HIS VICTORY IN THE U.S. GENERAL ELECTION: MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN.
Early on November 3, Senator Ives (Republican) conceded the contest with Mr. Hartman (Democrat) for the Governorship of New York State, but as later reports came in Mr. Hartman's lead dwindled. The retiring Governor, Mr. Dewey, has ordered that all ballot-boxes be impounded in case the Republicans demand a recount.



THE BRITISH SUB-AQUA CLUB DINNER IN HONOUR OF CAPTAIN-COMMANDANT COUSTEAU.
Out group at the British Sub-Aqua Club dinner shows Cdr. Ian Fraser, V.C. (chairman, Metropolitan branch), Capt. W. O. Shelton (former British war-time frogman), Mr. J. Langford (chairman, underwater explorer and author of "The Silent World"), Miss Cousteau, Capt. J. Snow, M.P., and Mr. N. O. Ogen, club chairman.



(Above, right): INSPECTING THE PISTOL USED IN AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HIM: COLONEL NASSER, EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER.
An abortive attempt to assassinate the Egyptian Prime Minister, Colonel Nasser, in Alexandria on October 20, has been followed by mass arrests of members of the secret organization known as the Madinet Brotherhood. The would-be assassin's pistol was found by an Egyptian worker near the scene of the shooting. He walked to Cairo to present it personally to the Prime Minister.



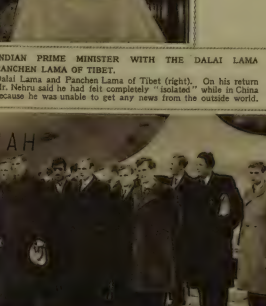
RELEASED FROM PRISON: BARON VON NEURATH, THE FORMER GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER, WITH HIS DAUGHTER.
Accompanied by his daughter, Frau von Mackensen, Baron von Neurath, aged 61, Foreign Minister under Hitler and Reich Protector in Bohemia and Moravia, left Spandau Prison on November 6 after serving eight years of a fifteen-year sentence for war crimes.



NEW SHERIFFS FOR THE CITY OF LONDON: ALDERMAN E. C. PRYCE (LEFT) AND MR. LESLIE B. PRINCE.
Alderman E. C. Pryce has been Alderman, Ward of Cripplegate, since 1948. A solicitor, born in 1885, he served in both World Wars. Mr. Leslie B. Prince, representing Billingsgate Ward, is a chartered accountant. He was educated at Clifton and Magdalen, Cambridge.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT FOR THEIR MATCH: THE SPARTAK FOOTBALL TEAM.
The Spartak football team from Moscow arrived in London on November 4 for their match with the Arsenal at Highbury, which they had arranged to play by floodlight on the evening of November 16.



INDIAN PRIME MINISTER WITH THE DALAI LAMA PANCHEN LAMA OF TIBET.
Delhi Lama and Panchen Lama of Tibet (right). On his return Mr. Nehru said he had felt completely "isolated" while in China because he was unable to get any news from the outside world.



LEAVING FOR THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT PARIS: A. OLIVER WITH MISS P. SMYTH (LEFT) AND MISS S. WHITEHEAD.
A. Oliver, on Plover, was second in the Prix de Vendôme, and Miss Smyth, on Prince Red, fourth in the Prix de l'Écluse, on the opening day of the International Horse Show in Paris on November 6. The Prix de Vendôme was won by P. Delahaye (France), riding Ulfes.



WITH QUEEN JULIANA DURING HER VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS: H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA.
H.I.M. the Emperor of Ethiopia arrived in the Netherlands on November 3 for a five-day State visit, and was welcomed by Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands, who is seen standing (left) with the Duke of Huzar and his wife Princess Sarah.

SIDNEY'S INFLUENCE ON ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

"SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE"; By JOHN BUXTON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. JOHN BUXTON, already known as a poet, whose verses (and Sir Philip Sidney would have approved of that) scan, are comprehensible, do not discard the human heart as beneath notice, and are not notable for morbid introspection, has written a book about Sir Philip Sidney. The second part of his title should be noticed. He opens with Sidney going on his three-years tour of the Continent, when he was over seventeen and had been to Shrewsbury, Oxford, Cambridge (for an undetermined period, but his austere friend Fulke Greville was there, and Spenser, to whom he was a friend and a stimulus), and he gives an account of Sidney's contacts with scholars, including Calvinist theologians, in several countries—though Sidney never got to Spain, where his godfather, Philip II., was morosely and industriously reigning. All this in preparation for the book proper. The book proper is devoted to Sidney's influence on the Elizabethan literary age.

Mr. Buxton sticks firmly to his last, and eschews as far as possible everything which does not concern literature and the Arts. When Sidney revisits Vienna, it is hardly possible to avoid explaining that he goes there in state as a special Ambassador from his Queen to the Imperial Court; the massacre of St. Bartholomew has to be mentioned as Sidney was staying in Paris at the time and cut short his stay because of it; and as he died on the battlefield it is difficult not to admit that there was a war on at the time. But such matters are reduced to a minimum; and rightly. Had Mr. Buxton allowed himself to be tempted into general biography, he would have found his chosen theme swamped, Sidney's life being so full and so all-round. His soldiering in Ireland and elsewhere would have occupied space; so also his political and diplomatic career; so also his personal relationships outside the worlds of scholarship and art; and there would have been a chapter about his passionate interest in the New World, which would have taken him to the West Indies with Drake had that dictatorial Queen (who loved ordering men about) not forbidden it. There must have been pages about the nature of his Protestantism—ardent, though not bigoted, for he always had Catholic friends; and there must have been tedious speculations about the reality of the passion expressed in the *Astrophel and Stella* Sonnet-Sequence, which Mr. Buxton, as I think rightly (I even think that the same thing may be true of Shakespeare's Sonnets) believes to have been a "made" confection, with its author more intent on producing beautiful lines than on wearing his heart on his sleeve. Letters to him and from him (mostly about political and theological matters) must also have been described and quoted—and, in fact, the book would have closely resembled earlier lives. As things are, with its concentration on one aspect of a many-faceted life, the book has an air of complete novelty and freshness.

It developed from a general consideration of the uses of patronage. Mr. Buxton soon came to the conclusion that the word, as currently used, has several connotations. A rich man who collects Old Masters is often called "a Patron of the Arts," though he has done nothing, in fact, to stimulate the production of anything whatever. Then there is the familiar eighteenth-century type of patron who gave authors presents of cash in return for which they received florid dedications—in the most lavish one which I can remember the grateful mendicant assured a noble lord that he united "the virtues of Dives with those of Lazarus." This kind did not wholly deserve the bitter sarcasm of Dr. Johnson's couplet:

There mark what ill the scholar's life assails,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

But, though they gave authors out-relief they did little to direct their activities. Gradually Mr. Buxton was led to the view that the most valuable sort of patron was the man involved in the creative lives of

writers so closely as to guide and stimulate their production, and discuss their craftsmanship with them, and bring the promising ones into contact with each other, as well as promoting their worldly welfare. And ultimately he found in the existence of that kind of patron the explanation of that extraordinary efflorescence which made the Elizabethan age unique in the annals of our literature—all other attempted explanations being demonstrably inadequate. And in the end he came to the conclusion that the whole revival centred on two people, Philip Sidney and his sister, and two houses, Wilton and Penshurst.

In a summing-up he says: "Where men like the Earl of Oxford sought only to imitate Renaissance fashions, Sidney taught men to emulate Renaissance achievement. Lord Oxford set writers of the calibre of Anthony Munday translating Romances of Chivalry from French, Italian and Spanish, and encouraged others to waste their time in translations of French and Italian poems into Latin. Sidney set Spenser to write the 'Faerie Queene.' Who would continue his work? What would become of the Muses, now their champion is dead? Asks Richard Eedes. William Camden repeats this anxious question and answers it with an assurance that through Sidney the Muses now live, as he will live through them. But it was a real problem, not merely a phrase of compliment to a dead man: how were they to discover a patron as enlightened to take his place. Probably Camden was right, and Sidney had done enough already to ensure that the Muses would continue to flourish in England. But the matter was never put to the test, for the new patron who should continue his work was perfectly qualified to do so, the 'most deare, and most worthy to be most deare Lady,' whose name

had been the last word on his lips as he died, his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke."

It would take me a long time—or rather, it will, for the subject is fascinating—to make up my mind whether I can accept Mr. Buxton's theory in all its tempting simplicity. Historical explanations are

seldom so simple as all that: with no bias whatever except a bias in favour of the truth, even the most sympathetic reader of Mr. Buxton's learned and delightful thesis, must pause long to consider what can be said against it or in qualification of it. What other influences were there, peculiar to the time? What other patrons, of the same kind, were working in the same way? Which, if any, geniuses appear to have been unaffected by any influence—except very indirect—exercised by Sidney and his circle? Can it be believed that, if that irresistibly charming and universally talented young genius and his sister had never been born, the Elizabethan age would have been shorn of all its literary glory? It is evident that the soil is necessary as well as the seed. A turnip seed will never produce mignonette; but neither will a mignonette seed, unless it is given earth and water. That potential great geniuses are born in every age in an equal proportion seems a likely proposition: and the deduction is that they bloom when conditions are favourable and do not when

they are not—as at the present moment, as I am tempted to think in my gloomier moods. To swallow Mr. Buxton's argument entire, though, is more than I can do, at short notice.

But why hum and haw any more? He has written an enchanting book. He has balanced the traditional picture of that unique young man, who is popularly remembered only as the knight who, mortally wounded (only because of his rashness by going into the fray with no thigh-pieces, just because his comrade Pelham was doing so), gave his cup of water to a dying private who needed it more; and who is remembered in more literary circles as, also, the author of some perfect sonnets, songs, and serenades, and the "Arcadia," which went into twenty editions in the seventeenth century and is now, unfortunately, only a "collector's piece." He has concentrated on Sidney the artist, Sidney the encourager, Sidney the scholar, Sidney the European. He has—although avoiding conventional biography, as it were, inadvertently given us a vivid picture of the young man who interested and enchanted all Europe, and whose death led to such sorrow, in England, and all over Europe, as no single death has caused since. And he has reminded us of what that lost sodality of Europe, both social and intellectual, was, even in that age of civil and religious strife. That sodality was still strong in the eighteenth century; some of it remained until 1914, when the Prussians renewed their attack on the fabric; a little of it remained between the two "Great" wars. Sir Philip might, were he to return, feel himself at home, if rather uncomfortably at home, in England to-day; but he certainly wouldn't, were he to travel in Europe, as he used to travel from Holland to Poland, from Frankfurt to Florence, find Europe the same.

The illustrations are good and well chosen. Except for the frontispiece, which is reproduced from a late French engraving and looks no more like any conceivable Philip Sidney than the Droeshout portrait looks like any conceivable Shakespeare.

MR. JOHN BUXTON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. John Buxton was born in Cheshire and educated at Yarlet Hall, Malvern College and New College, Oxford. He was taken prisoner in the Norwegian campaign in 1940, returning to England in May 1945. He is a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and the author of two books of poems and "A Marriage Song for Princess Elizabeth, 1947."



PHILIP SIDNEY'S SISTER WHO, AFTER HER BROTHER'S DEATH, ENSURED THAT HIS WORK SHOULD CONTINUE: THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Engraving from Livio Alessandri's translation: "L'Arcadia della Contessa di Pembroke," 1659.

This engraving and that showing Hubert Languet are reproduced from the book "Sir Philip Sidney and the English Renaissance," by courtesy of the publisher, Macmillan.



HUBERTUS LANGUET DE PICTURA ARCHETYPUS PHILIP SIDNEY COM PEMBROK REG-ET ANT-SS LONDINI SODALEM

A CLOSE FRIEND OF PHILIP SIDNEY'S AND "ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF THAT COMPANY OF PROTESTANT SCHOLARS WHO DIGNIFY THE CONTROVERSIES OF THE AGE": HUBERT LANGUET.

Engraving by G. B. Cipriani from "Epistolæ," 1776, and reproduced by courtesy of the Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586), BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST. This picture is reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, and does not appear in the book under review.

* "Sir Philip Sidney and the English Renaissance." By John Buxton, Fellow of New College, Oxford. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 18s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 862 of this issue.



A ROYAL CONVERSATION-PIECE WITH HER MAJESTY'S ENTERTAINERS AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM ON NOVEMBER 1: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET CONVERSING WITH SOME OF THE ARTISTS AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ROYAL VARIETY PERFORMANCE.

The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret went on November 1 to the London Palladium for the twenty-fifth Royal Variety Performance. The programme consisted of many widely contrasted turns by celebrated artists of the music hall, the theatre proper, television, cabaret and gramophone-recording studios; and was preceded by an appearance in the front of the house of the Crazy Gang disguised as ice-cream girls. At the end of the performance Mr. Marlow, organising secretary of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund, in aid of which the performance was held, announced that the proceeds would be over £18,000. The

members of the Royal party told Mr. Marlow that they had enjoyed the programme very much and considered it a great success; and later, presentations of sixteen members of the cast took place. Our photograph shows the Queen talking to Miss Joan Turner, who is between Mr. Dickie Valentine (standing on her right) and Mr. Guy Mitchell (on her left). Princess Margaret may be seen just beyond her Majesty and partly hidden. Mr. Noël Coward, Mr. Bob Hope, Mr. Jack Buchanan, Miss Diana Churchill, Mr. Frankie Laine and Mr. Max Bygraves were among the other artists presented to the Queen.

THE FINEST PROTO-ATTIC VASE AND THE OLDEST GREEK TEXTILE:

UNIQUE DISCOVERIES FROM THE CEMETERY OF ELEUSIS.

By **GEORGE E. MYLONAS**, *Professor of Art and Archaeology, Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, and Fulbright Professor of Archaeology, University of Athens, Greece.*

FOR the third year the Greek Archaeological Society and Washington University have continued their excavations of the cemetery of Eleusis with satisfying results. Some ninety-four graves were found and cleared, of which thirty-nine belong to the Prehistoric and fifty-five to the Historic period. Among the former are included two chamber tombs similar in every respect to the known Mycenaean type, but dug in earth and not hewn out of the living rock as is usual. They are the first examples of their kind and they contained the regular assortment of vases and skeletal remains. The best preserved was cleared and re-used in the Geometric period (Fig. 1). One burial of that period was found in its chamber and one by its door; these burials prove that there was no gap in the use of the cemetery, as we believed heretofore, but that it was used continually from the Middle Bronze Age to the fourth century A.D. (i.e., from 1800 B.C. to 400 A.D.). By the skeletons, which were found in an extended position, a number of characteristic pots were discovered (Fig. 2).

The chamber tombs were found at a short distance from the group which last year was identified as the group believed by the ancients to be the graves of the leaders of the fated expedition against Thebes. This identification was strengthened by this year's finds. Besides the chamber tombs, Mycenaean graves of the built variety and of a new type, in the form of the Greek letter Gamma (Γ) were explored. For the first time articles made in bronze were found in them. In Grave H π 10, a well-preserved dagger was found (Fig. 7), while knives, bronze pins and tweezers, bronze razors and a spear-head were found in others (Fig. 8).

The graves of the Historic period include both inhumations and cremations. Figure 9 is a good example of a cremation burial. The ashes and remains of bones were placed in a bronze urn, superbly preserved, which in turn was deposited in a stone sarcophagus. A similar example was unearthed last year and was illustrated in the issue of September 12, 1953, page 403, Fig. 8, of *The Illustrated London News*. At the time that photograph was taken the contents of the urn had not been examined fully. When the bones were removed they were found resting on a thick object that seemed like cardboard. When it was cleaned and opened up it proved to be a piece of cloth made of linen and preserved almost in its original length of some 2 metres (6 ft. 6½ ins.) and its original width of about 0.50 metres (1 ft. 7½ ins.). Apparently it was a lady's stole that was placed in the urn as a final gift. (Fig. 11).

The graves of the Historic period are distinguished in graves of children and of adults. So many graves of children and of infants were found as to make inescapable the conclusion that a special part of the cemetery was devoted to children. They were buried in terracotta coffins or *larnakes* (cf. *The Illustrated London News*, September 13, 1953, page 402, Figs. 4 and 5), in stone sarcophagi, in older-built graves whose contents were removed (Fig. 15), in simple trenches; the most common form, however, was the burial in pots, in amphoras especially (Fig. 10). The custom of

burying children in pots is now proved to be an old one going all the way back to the Geometric period; and we found a *piθος* burial of that period, as proved by the pots placed over its mouth and by its side. This mode of burial was used in the Classical and the Hellenistic periods, when painted wine amphorae were especially used for the purpose (Figs. 10 and 13). Often gifts in the form of small vases were placed in the amphora or by its side (Figs. 10 and 13). In the closing week of this year's campaign we obtained evidence to prove that the custom was prevalent in the Archaic period as well, in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C.

Two examples belonging to the seventh century are perhaps the most interesting. The first is a small amphora, some 0.53 metres (1 ft. 8½ ins.) in height, that was found almost intact in the original position it was placed (Fig. 14). It contained fragments of bones of an infant, proving its use. Very little showed on its surface at the time of the discovery, but the vase proved to be a brilliant example of the Orientalizing Attic style, dating from the closing decades of the seventh century B.C. (Fig. 16.)

The second example from the Archaic period proved more interesting and at the time of its discovery it eclipsed everything else. It was found on June 12, 1954, and in the eastern section of the cemetery. Erosion has removed a great deal of the soil which once covered it, and so it appeared some 0.25-0.30 metres (10-12 ins.) below the present surface of the soil. Because of this little depth, part of its body was destroyed

by ploughs in years past (Fig. 3). Within it the skeleton of a child ten-twelve years of age was found, proving that the vase was used as a coffin. In spite of its size, as it was lying on the ground, the amphora did not seem to be the outstanding relic that in reality it was. Only when its decoration began to appear, as its fragments were being treated in water and solvent, did we realise its outstanding merit.

It is a monumental amphora, some 56 ins. in height (1.42 metres), and its surface is covered with paintings in brilliant black colour, with white used as auxiliary. Broad, wavy bands terminating in flowers cover the side of the amphora which was supposed to be the unimportant one, while its main side is covered



FIG. 1. A MYCENAEAN CHAMBER TOMB, DUG IN THE EARTH, AT ELEUSIS; AND RE-USED IN THE GEOMETRIC PERIOD. THE SKELETON SHOWN AND THE VASES ON THE SHELF ARE BOTH OF THE GEOMETRIC PERIOD. UPPER LEFT, THE DOOR OF THE GRAVE BLOCKED WITH A STONE WALL.



FIG. 2. VASES FOUND WITH GEOMETRIC BURIALS IN THE CHAMBER TOMB SHOWN IN FIG. 1. TWO OF THE POTS CARRY STYLISED BIRD ORNAMENT. THE SCALE IS IN CENTIMETRES.

with figured compositions (Fig. 4). On the neck we have represented the blinding of the Cyclop Polyphemus by Odysseus and two of his companions (Fig. 6). A lion attacking a wild boar is painted on its shoulder, while on its body we have the story of the Gorgons and Perseus. At the extreme left of that composition lies the headless body of Medusa. Two Gorgons are painted next, moving to the right. The rendering of the Gorgons is especially striking (Fig. 5). Their heads, in the form of cauldrons, look like masks; broad faces, gnashing teeth, serpents rising on every side, give to them a fantastic appearance which contrasts with the rendering of hands and legs that give to the figures the air of dancers. Incidentally, this rendering of the Gorgons is the oldest yet available in art.

The forward movement of the Gorgons is stopped by a stern Athene, who blocks their way, thus helping Perseus, who is fleeing with the head of Medusa in a bag. Unfortunately, only the lower part of the body of Perseus has been preserved, but there can be no doubt that the hero is represented, wearing his winged boots, striding away. The composition is painted with a facility, strength, and decorative quality that is impressive. It must have been painted by a great master of mid-seventh century B.C. who has remained unknown. The vase, indeed, is the best example that has survived of the Proto-Attic style of vase-painting and may even be considered as the best single vase found thus far on Greek soil.

Before a month had passed from the day of its discovery, it was pieced together and placed in the Museum of Eleusis, where it is on exhibition.

THE STORIED NEW ELEUSIS VASE—4½ FT. HIGH: A UNIQUE EXAMPLE.



FIG. 3. ON JUNE 12 THIS YEAR THIS LARGE AMPHORA, CONTAINING A CHILD BURIAL, WAS FOUND. IT WAS NEAR THE SURFACE AND HAD BEEN BROKEN BY PLOUGHING . . .



FIG. 4. . . . BUT WHEN COLLECTED, CLEANED AND REASSEMBLED, THIS ASTONISHING MASTERPIECE OF THE VASE-PAINTER'S WORK WAS REVEALED.



FIG. 5. DETAIL OF FIG. 4. TWO GORGONS—THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATIONS OF THEM IN ART—ARE HELD BACK BY ATHENE, WHO PROTECTS THE ESCAPING PERSEUS.



FIG. 6. MORE DETAIL OF FIG. 4. ODYSSEUS (THE WHITE FIGURE) AND TWO COMPANIONS PLUNGE THE BURNING SPAR INTO THE CYCLOPS' EYE.

On the facing page Professor Mylonas describes the season's work done at Eleusis by the joint efforts of the Greek Archæological Society and Washington University; and undoubtedly the most notable discovery made during the season was the painted amphora shown in Figs. 3-6 above. It is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable Proto-Attic painted vases yet discovered and must be the work of some unknown master of vase-painting of about 650 B.C.; and is remarkable both for its great size—56 ins. high—and for the interest of the stories

it shows. The subjects it portrays are from Homer's *Odyssey*—the blinding of the Cyclops Polyphemus by Odysseus and his companions—and Hesiod's "Shield of Heracles"—the three sister-Gorgons, Stheno, Euryale and Medusa, and the decapitation of Medusa by Perseus. Hesiod, who is generally believed to date from the mid-eighth century B.C., is the first literary authority for the three Gorgons; and this newly-discovered vase is believed to be the earliest pictorial representation of the three dread sisters.

Figs. 4-6 are reproduced from photographs by V. and N. Tombazi.

PROBABLY THE OLDEST SURVIVING GREEK TEXTILE: A LARGE LINEN STOLE.



FIG. 7. DETAIL OF A MYCENAEAN GRAVE SHOWING A BRONZE DAGGER AMONG THE VASES. THIS YEAR BRONZE WAS FIRST FOUND IN THESE GRAVES. (Centimetre scale.)



FIG. 8. SOME OF THE BRONZE FOUND IN A MYCENAEAN CHAMBER TOMB. FROM THE TOP SHOWING: A SWORD; A SPEAR-POINT; A RAZOR; AND A NEEDLE. (Centimetre scale.)



FIG. 9. AN INTERESTING BURIAL OF THE MIDDLE 5TH CENTURY B.C.: THE CREMATED REMAINS ARE IN A BRONZE VASE, SET INSIDE A STONE SARCOPHAGUS. (Centimetre scale.)



FIG. 10. CHILD BURIALS IN THE ELEUSIS CEMETERY: TWO IN AMPHORA (SEE ALSO FIG. 13) AND ONE IN A TRENCH COVERED WITH TILES. A HALF-METRE ROD GIVES THE SCALE.



FIG. 11. A UNIQUE DISCOVERY: PART OF THE LINEN STOLE, 2500 YEARS OLD, OF WHICH THE FULL LENGTH ORIENTAL EFFECT, FOUND IN THE NECK OF A MYCENAEAN BURIAL OF THE GEOMETRIC PERIOD. (Centimetre scale.)

In our issue of January 23 this year we published photographs of some fragments of embroidered linen found in a bronze kalpis, with bones and other fragments, near Athens; and in an article of the same date Mr. John Beckwith, of the Department of Textiles, Victoria and Albert Museum, placed these fragments to a late fifth-century B.C. date and stated that they were the first textiles to have survived from classical Greece. In our issue of September 12, 1953, Professor

Fig. 9 from a photograph by V. and N. Tombazi.

Mylonas described a bronze cremation urn he had discovered at Eleusis (rather like the example shown on this page, Fig. 9). The contents of this urn have now been examined and among the charred bones has been found a folded length of linen—a woman's stole—of which a detail section is shown in Fig. 11. The complete stole is about two yards long by half-a-yard wide. This linen Professor Mylonas dates to the middle of the fifth century B.C.



FIG. 12. TWO PITHIDES (OR COSMETIC VASES) OF CURIOUSLY ORIENTAL EFFECT, FOUND IN THE NECK OF A MYCENAEAN BURIAL OF THE GEOMETRIC PERIOD. (Centimetre scale.)

THE CHILDREN'S GRAVES OF ELEUSIS:
TOMBS BEAUTIFUL AND PATHETIC.

FIG. 13. A CHIAN WINE JAR, USED AS A CHILD'S COFFIN (SEE ALSO FIG. 10): A PAINTED AMPHORA OF TYPICAL CHIAN SHAPE, WITH A VASE INSIDE. (Centimetre scale.)



FIG. 15. THE REMAINS OF A CHILD OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. PLACED, WITH A WEALTH OF GIFTS INCLUDING VASES AND LITTLE HUMAN FIGURES, IN A PREHISTORIC GRAVE.

"TIME," wrote Sir Thomas Browne in "Urn-Burial," "which antiquates antiquities and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments": and the excavators of Eleusis, that fabled city of the Mysteries, have found themselves in a cemetery of children, bringing to light no enigmas but pathetic bones accompanied with delicate vases, playthings and comforting images of children's duties; and buried variously in terra-cotta coffins, stone sarcophagi, simple trenches covered with tiles, ancient graves emptied for the purpose, and, for the most part, inside pots of great variety. One of these pots is a majestic work of art, a great painted amphora, 56 ins. tall, adorned with stories which are still told to children (Figs. 3-6): one adorned with animals, including a front view of a panther, curiously "spatchcocked" to show both sides (Figs. 14 and 16); and one, cynically or pathetically, in an empty jar (Fig. 13), which had brought imported wine from the island of Chios. (Fig. 16 from a photograph by V. and N. Tombazi.)

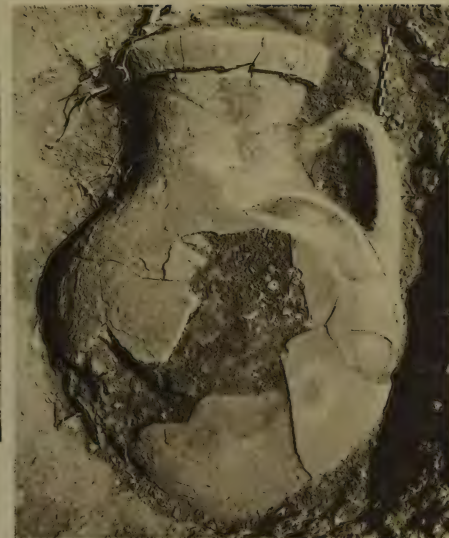


FIG. 14. AN AMPHORA OF THE ARCHAIC PERIOD, USED FOR THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT, AS IT WAS FOUND. SEE FIG. 16 FOR ITS RECONSTRUCTION. (Centimetre scale.)



FIG. 16. THE BEAUTIFUL AMPHORA OF FIG. 14 AFTER RESTORATION: THE PAINTING IS IN BLACK AND RED, WITH INCISED DETAILS, AND SHOWS A SPHINX (BELOW) AND A PANTHER (ABOVE). ON THE REVERSE FACE IS A LION.

LAST week I wrote about the lecture delivered to the Royal United Service Institution by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery on October 21. This was so interesting and significant that it seems worth returning not to the lecture itself, but to certain of the implications which commentators have found in it and to one vital problem affected by the doctrine propounded in it. One of the commentators was Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard in a letter to *The Times*. His quotations were highly selective; for instance: "The dominant factor in future war will be air power." . . . "If we lose the war in the air, we lose the war and lose it quickly." These are indeed truths not to be gain-said. Lord Trenchard, however, did not go on to comment on the Field Marshal's statement that Europe would be lost unless the resources of the American continent could be deployed in it, that for this purpose the Atlantic water-routes must be protected, that naval forces were still required for the purpose and needed their own aircraft, though he believed that eventually air forces alone would be able to do the work.

Lord Trenchard goes on to say that, if the fundamentals of which Lord Montgomery speaks had been recognised before the last great war, it would not have lasted six years. He cannot mean simply that if we had spent more on preparation for war we should have been stronger, and that therefore victory would have been won sooner; this would be a platitude. He must mean, therefore, that if we had strengthened the air forces at the expense of those of the sea and land, victory would have been achieved in less than six years. This is a matter of opinion. He is entitled to his opinion, but he ought not to expect everyone to agree with an opinion which is purely speculative and incapable of proof. I believe I could advance against it arguments as cogent as any which could be propounded in its favour, but I should not claim to have discovered an infallible truth.

Besides the deployment of American strength on the European side of the Atlantic, the requirements of British stomachs have to be considered. We cannot produce at home food enough for our over-populated country, even though we have increased the output. At a pinch, we might be able to carry across the Atlantic by air a valuable contribution in food of small bulk, but there are no immediate prospects of more than a relatively small proportion of our total needs coming in by air. I hope Lord Trenchard will on some later occasion point out, with his authority, how important it is that the Navy should be able to protect the Atlantic routes, and thus keep us supplied with food and fuel—including, of course, that without which aircraft at our bases would become useless. I trust he will make it clear how necessary naval aircraft are in the Atlantic, in view of R.A.F. bomber and short-range fighter tasks, as well as relative inexperience in work such as shadowing hostile naval forces. Meanwhile, I venture to put forward some considerations which I have reason to believe are perturbing naval opinion at the moment.

The Active Fleet contains at present 10 cruisers (16 in reserve). The only sign of replacement of any kind is to be found in the three *Tiger* class cruisers, on which constructional work was so long suspended. Doubtless they will be, when finished—which will not be for a long time—very fine ships, embodying great improvements, yet perhaps not quite as fine as if they had been laid down about a decade later. This may apply also to carriers with wartime hulls, though these include many improvements. I say this, not in disfavour of modernisation or of conversion, but to stress the importance of replacement. Other than the modernisation in progress, there is again no replacement in this field. Using only such intelligence as I possess, I should expect it to be the case that the majority of our cruisers had felt the effects of hard work. Very properly, much attention has been paid to anti-submarine warfare, and in frigate construction, frigate modernisation, and conversion of destroyers to anti-submarine frigates, good progress has been made.

Conditions have greatly changed since the time of the naval race between Britain and Germany before the First World War, at a period when aircraft counted for little in naval warfare. Yet it seems to me that one factor which Admiral von Tirpitz considered to be of vast importance still remains active: the desirability of keeping up what he called the rhythm of new construction in any fleet. The pace may be slackened if necessary, but it should still remain rhythmic. This is not the case with us now; indeed, whatever were to be done would not for some time restore the rhythm, because it has been broken

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. PROTECTING BREAD AND BUTTER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

for so long. However, though a break of this kind cannot immediately be repaired, its effects can be mitigated. I submit that this calls for action because, as matters stand at present, it is doubtful in the extreme, and even that may be an understatement, whether, on the outbreak of a new world war, the Navy would be strong enough to carry out its tasks in the Atlantic. I speak of these only, because I lack the space to deal with others, but Atlantic commitments do not stand alone.

Until a short time ago we could say in defence of inaction that there was no point in impoverishing ourselves in preparing to meet a hostile surface navy, since it did not exist and was unlikely to reappear.

seaboard. Behind them are new classes. I will not hazard a guess at the number building or in commission, but it may be accepted that they are very big boats with a high submerged speed. It is curious that, whereas the new cruisers appear to be built for the offensive and the big submarines clearly are, the large and excellent naval air force must at present be mainly defensive. It, too, would profit by a land advance in Europe or the capture of suitable islands in the Pacific, but the latter would be very difficult, in view of American naval strength in those waters. Russia also possesses over a hundred modern and very fast destroyers, with more building.

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery may be right in saying that no more expensive carriers should be built, but I think it is fortunate that we possess those we have, active or in reserve. I have spoken only of the Royal Navy and the Red Fleet, and I am prepared to admit that the Royal Navy, in conjunction with the extremely powerful United States Fleet, possesses great superiority of strength. Yet if the United States Fleet covers the Western Atlantic, perhaps a little more than half, it will already have done us a great service, in view of its world commitments. We cannot expect it to fight the submarine battle up to our harbours, and if it had to undertake such a task, even if it succeeded in it, we should have lost that right to make our voice heard, which we are so often told it is necessary to maintain.

Some day air forces will be capable of doing the job and perhaps of carrying all the most essential goods. At present the air experts tell us that the Royal Air Force's main jobs are, first, the delivery of atomic or thermo-nuclear missiles, and, secondly, fighter defence. The Royal Air Force has also, in a broad-minded spirit, accepted heavy undertakings in the transportation and supply of land forces. Even if it possessed the crews and the technique for ocean war, it would not, on the basis of current strategic policy, be given the aircraft, certainly not in sufficient numbers. The whole philosophy of "the New Look,"

of which I said something last week, is against any such possibility. It is indeed a mercy that the Navy has its own air force—once again known as the Fleet Air Arm—and a deep fund of experience relating to its strategy and tactics. But it needs the aircraft, and though the types are good the numbers of the new ones are insufficient. I am not surprised that many who have studied these problems, knowing full well that the publicists who now take least account of them would be the first to cry, "Too little and too late!" if things went wrong, feel a certain amount of impatience.

So far as I am aware, naval opinion does not hanker after the big fleets of older days. It is very conscious of the power of the air, in friendly or hostile hands, and acutely conscious of the terrible risk of the new weapons. But it sees certain tasks which must be accomplished if we are to survive in the event of another war, the most important of all being the maintenance of Atlantic sea traffic; it knows that they would fall to it, and knows how to perform them; and it is worried when it measures the tasks in relation to the means of performing them. Atomic warfare makes no difference to the need of the human being to eat, though it might kill so many in any particular country that a smaller food supply would suffice for the rest. We cannot gamble on winning a "push-button" war so quickly as to dispense with the means of protecting our supply lines, protecting bread and butter.

Everything connected with defence, strategy, tactics and equipment is obviously at the present in the melting-pot. When thought is concentrated as now on how to meet the changing face of warfare, some hesitation regarding production and construction is natural. Yet hesitation over the Navy went on long before the planners went into their present huddle. It is the one of the three Services about which they seem least able to make up their minds, whether they are in a huddle or out of it. I hope that amid the complexities, of which I know nothing, they will not under-estimate the significance of certain simple factors, which this country can disregard only at her peril. The chief is that the Navy has hardly got the modest minimum needed and has no prospect of getting it unless it is constructed.



INSPECTING NO. 8 COMPANY, THE WELSH GUARDS: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING HIS VISIT TO CATERHAM ON NOVEMBER 4.

On November 4 H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who is Colonel of the Welsh Guards, inspected the regiment's No. 8 Training Company at the Guards' Depot at Caterham, in Surrey. He took the salute at a march-past and presented a number of long-service and good-conduct medals. After luncheon at the officers' mess the Duke watched squads in training. During his tour of inspection he visited the dining-room of the Guardsmen, who drank the health of their Colonel in ale. The Duke was attended by Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Browning.



A SMILING FAREWELL FROM THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WISHING GOOD LUCK TO REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR R. BRITTAIN, WHO IS RETIRING FROM THE ARMY. The Duke of Gloucester took the salute on November 4 at the passing-out parade at the Mons Officer Cadet School at Aldershot, where National Service soldiers are prepared for temporary commissions in the Army. It was the last parade for a well-known Army figure, Regimental Sergeant-Major R. Brittain, of the Coldstream Guards, who is retiring from the Army after thirty-seven years' service. The Duke of Gloucester spoke to R.S.M. Brittain and wished him luck.

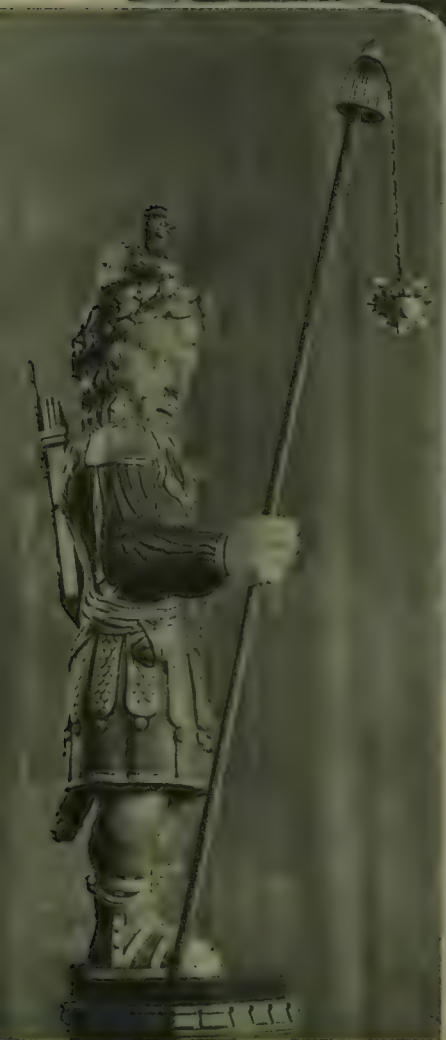
That appreciation has been belied. Soviet Russia is not building a fleet of capital ships in the shape either of battleships or carriers, but she is building a formidable cruiser fleet. The most powerful representatives of this are the *Sverdlovs*, of which the ship of that name was seen at the Coronation Naval Review last year. They are big ships of about 17,000 tons, and it may be taken that they are fast, with a wide range of action, not the type of cruiser which would be built with either the Baltic or the Black Sea in view. Therefore, it may be assumed that they are intended for the North or the Pacific, probably both. Ten are built or building; but that does not mean that the programme comprises only this number. I need not emphasise the handicaps of the Red Fleet in European waters, but would note that these would

REBUILT TO A NEW AND GREATER SPLENDOUR: THE CITY'S GUILDHALL.



MEETING IN GUILDHALL FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE IT WAS DESTROYED BY BOMBS IN 1940: THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL, PRESIDED OVER BY THE LORD MAYOR. NEW FIGURES OF THE LEGENDARY GIANTS GOG (LEFT) AND MAGOG WERE UNVEILED LAST YEAR.

RESTORATION of the war damage to Guildhall, in the City of London, has now been completed and on November 1 the building was reopened to the public. Three days later the Court of Common Council met in the Banqueting Hall for the first time since Gog and Magog were swept from the scene in December 1940, when much of Guildhall was destroyed by the enemy's bombs; and the Court will continue to meet here until the council chamber can be rebuilt. The cost of reconstruction is estimated at £275,000. The principal task has been to build a new roof, the fourth to be erected on the medieval walls, and the architect, Sir Giles Scott, has replaced the timber hammer-beam roof, put there in the last century by Sir Horace Jones, by stone arches with a flat, panelled ceiling between. He has also designed new panelling for the two ends of the Hall, a double row of candelabra in bronze, and new stained glass for the window. Incorporated in the design of the glass are scrolls bearing the names and dates of the 633 Mayors and Lord Mayors of London. The floor has been relaid, with heating pipes beneath; and a panelled, wooden gallery has been built above the door in the centre of the north wall, from which television cameras can be operated.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MOST people, I expect, have played, at one time or another, the delightful old game, "Where Shall We Live?"—or rather, where would we live in the event of winning the Irish Sweep or a sensational football pool.

A simple game for simple folk, which costs a shilling or two—or nothing. You buy, or borrow, a copy of the magazine which is famous for its pages and pages of house and estate agents' advertisements, each advertisement with a clear, and often tempting photograph of the "desirable property" for sale—a castle in Aberdeenshire for £8000, an overgrown Tudorish villa in Surrey for £12,000, or a period cottage with "a wealth of oak beams," but eleven miles from the nearest anywhere or anything, for a modest £2500.

A rather similar game which I have played from time to time is "What would I do if I had my time over again." In this game I have toyed with ideas for all sorts of careers: fruit-farming, a fur farm for breeding chinchillas; a trout farm, a market garden, and even a ranch for developing and breeding new races of cats. The cat-ranch idea came to nothing largely owing to the difficulty of deciding which would be the better commercial proposition—a race of giant cats to appeal to country folk; cats as big as Labradors, who could regard the most hostile cat-hating dog with calm, dignity, and scorn; or a race of cats for town- and flat-dwellers, tiny cats, half or less than half the size of a normal Siamese: in fact, pygmy cats for bijou flats.

Always in the end, however, I have decided that if I had my time over again I would do exactly what I have done—run an Alpine and hardy plant nursery, and marry the girl I did marry. The best and sanest alternative to the Alpine nursery would probably have been a market garden, and if at the time when I had to decide what I would do, I had had the advantage of reading a book, "Two Acres Unlimited,"* which I have been enjoying recently, it is quite likely that I would have gone for market gardening instead of Alpines. "Two Acres Unlimited" is the story of one section of a post-war enterprise undertaken by the author, Miss Carola Cochrane, and two friends. Together they bought, in 1944, Court Lodge Farm, in East Kent. One member of the coalition farmed the bulk of the land, a second started poultry-farming, whilst the third, Miss Cochrane, took over two acres on which to start a market garden.

The book tells the story of the development and the running of this market garden from the first ploughing of the turf to grow a cleansing crop of potatoes, to present-day successes. In her introduction the author says: "My decision to take up market gardening as a career was due to experiences with plants which led me to believe that my fingers were 'green.'" Whatever may be the literary equivalent to horticulturally "green fingers"—would it be blue-black fingers?—Miss Cochrane has them, for "Two Acres Unlimited" is as delightfully readable as it is profoundly informative. As to the "Unlimited" part of the title, that might well refer to the author's energy,

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

determination, resourcefulness and her ability to learn from her own experience in a campaign of trial and error.

After taking a course of instruction in horticulture at Oaklands, the Hertfordshire Institute of Horticulture, Miss Cochrane worked for a spell as a labourer for one of England's most famous market gardeners. On leaving his employ she asked his advice: Should she, in view of her lack of experience, engage a manager to help her start her market garden? His answer was "No." She would never,

pin-money. The book covers a wide range of crops and subjects—market garden equipment of all kinds, cropping plans, cloche work, crops in the open, spring onions, leeks, rhubarb, sweet corn, and so on; glass-house work, chrysanthemums, tomatoes, bedding plants, cut flowers, cucumbers and melons, to name only a few. One most valuable feature which I noticed running through the book from beginning to end is the constant mention of small but highly important details of cultivation, and items of equipment, which the advanced expert might so easily overlook and forget to mention as too obvious and trivial to be worth mentioning.

"Two Acres Unlimited" is that rare thing—a deadly practical and informative technical book which is at the same time delightfully human and eminently readable. It should solve many a difficult Christmas gift problem in the shopping orgy that lies just ahead.

Another garden book, of a very different kind, which I can strongly recommend is "The Gardener's Album,"† edited by Miles Hadfield. It is a garden miscellany to which a distinguished horticultural team has contributed. The editor, as he explains in his preface, studiously avoided the inexpensive, practical type of garden book, of which there appears to be a growing spate as the years pass, as well as the more expensive type with "strange-looking prints called for some unknown reason 'photographs in natural colours' (but whence in nature come

those violent blues, pasty reds and unearthly greens I do not know)." "The purpose of the book was to be one of delight, interest and entertainment—it was conceived as an apparently useless book in the days of utility, performing no serious function in an era of functionalism, and illustrated by real pictures (or the nearest that we can now get to them) in this age of 'glorious Technicolor.'"

There is a particularly interesting article by Wilfred Blunt, "A Queen's Flower," telling of the discovery of the giant water-lily, known to all as *Victoria regia*, but now to be called *Victoria amazonica*, its introduction to this country and its first flowering by Paxton at Chatsworth, in a specially constructed greenhouse. There is an engraving of this house reproduced from *The Gardener's Chronicle*, 1850, and also an engraving from *The Illustrated London News*, showing the plant in flower at Chatsworth, and an experiment in which Sir Joseph Paxton's small daughter is seen standing safely on one of the gigantic leaves. There are also reproductions of coloured lithographs by Walter Fitch, 1851, one a close-up of an expanded flower; the other showing the whole plant, leaves, flowers and buds.

There are, too, reproductions in colour of fifteen of the plates in Thornton's famous Temple of Flora, which are among the finest colour-plates ever produced. Three flower photographs, in monochrome, by A. T. Johnson, strike me as the best flower photographs that I have seen for a long time.

I sincerely hope that *The Gardener's Album* will recur in future years, appearing each autumn as a truly welcome hardy annual.



THE "TWO ACRES UNLIMITED" FROM THE AIR. IN THE CENTRE, COURT LODGE FARM, WITH THE MARKET GARDEN BEHIND; TO THE LEFT, THE BRAMLEY ORCHARD; AND IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, THE CHICKEN FARM.

Reproduced from "Two Acres Unlimited"; by courtesy of the publishers, Crosby Lockwood and Son, Ltd.

he pointed out, learn to make decisions, accept responsibility and gain experience if she did so. So she had the wisdom to take this sound and wise advice.



THE GIANT WATER-LILY, NOW CALLED *VICTORIA AMAZONICA*, FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY WALTER FITCH IN 1851, SHOWING THE FULLY EXPANDED FLOWER, WHOSE STRONG SCENT HAS BEEN COMPARED WITH THAT OF MELON OR PINEAPPLE.

Reproduced from a colour-plate in "The Gardener's Album"; by courtesy of the publishers, Hulton Press.

Without a shadow of doubt, "Two Acres Unlimited" is an extremely valuable book, which should be studied not only by all beginners who are starting or thinking of starting as market gardeners as a whole-time career, but by all the innumerable amateurs and semi-amateurs who sell larger or smaller quantities of garden produce in order to part-pay garden expenses, or to bring in an occasional pinch of

* "Two Acres Unlimited," by Carola Cochrane. Illustrated. (Crosby Lockwood and Son; 10s. 6d.)

† "The Gardener's Album," edited by Miles Hadfield. Illustrated. (Hulton Press; 25s.)



"AS WAS THE MOTHER, SO IS HER DAUGHTER": H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ANNE.

No one whose memory reaches back to 1930 can fail to be struck by the likeness in this fourth birthday photograph of Princess Anne with that famous photograph of her mother, then Princess Elizabeth, taken likewise in the fourth year of the Queen's life;

and to see in it the same aureole of golden curls, the same child's frankness and charm, the same wild-rose brilliancy of complexion and directness of appeal. May her life be as happy and her hold on the love of the peoples of the Commonwealth as firm.

From a Colour Photograph by Marcus Adams.



ROYAL CONVERSATION PIECE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARGARET WITH H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, AT SANDRINGHAM.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWARD SEAGO, R.B.A.



A MOST-BELOVED ROYAL LADY: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.

H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, whose poise, sweetness and charm win all hearts wherever she goes, left Southampton on October 21 for a month's visit to Canada and the United States—which she last visited in 1939. Her tour, which included visits to Washington and Ottawa, attendance at the bicentenary banquet of Columbia University, New York, and a convocation in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in the

same city, was expected to end on November 18, when she was due to return to England in the liner *Queen Mary*, reaching Southampton on November 24. The delightful colour photograph, from which our colour plate is reproduced, was taken by the Hon. M. W. Elphinstone, F.R.P.S., A.I.B.P., who is the brother of Lord Elphinstone, the Queen Mother's brother-in-law.

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN NEW YORK : EVENTS OF A HISTORIC VISIT.



WITH MR. AND MRS. AVERELL HARRIMAN (LEFT) AND (RIGHT) MR. WAGNER, MAYOR OF NEW YORK, HER HOST AT LUNCH, ON NOV. 3, AND MRS. WAGNER: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.

PASSING ALONG THE RANKS OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF EX-GUARDSMEN: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVING AT THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION DINNER ON NOVEMBER 3.



THE VISIT TO THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER BEING RECEIVED BY THE SECRETARY-GENERAL, MR. DAG HAMMARSKJOLD, WITH WHOM SHE LUNCHEDED.

H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH BRITISH COMMONWEALTH EX-SERVICE MEN: HER MAJESTY CONGRATULATING MAJOR C. R. REDGRAVE AFTER PRESENTING HIM WITH A SILVER CUP.

ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM A WEST INDIAN CHILD WHOSE PARENTS CAME TO THE U.S. THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, HARLEM.



THE COMMONWEALTH BALL ON NOVEMBER 1: LADY DIXON; SIR ROGER MAKINS, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES; H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER; SIR PIERSON DIXON, PERMANENT U.K. REPRESENTATIVE AT U.N.; LADY MAKINS; AND COLONEL H. DISSTON, COMMANDER OF THE 7TH U.S. REGIMENT. (L. TO R.)



AFTER LUNCHEON WITH MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT (L.) AT HYDE PARK: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER. MR. AND MRS. JOHN ROOSEVELT ARE ALSO SHOWN IN THE GROUP.

The visit which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother paid to New York from October 26 until November 4 has been described as "a personal conquest of New York." In our last week's issue we illustrated one of her Majesty's major engagements, the dinner given by Columbia University on October 30; and showed the Queen Mother in her robes as Honorary Doctor of Laws of the University. The bicentennial convocation of the University was held in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, where earlier in the day the Queen Mother had attended morning service and unveiled a "Motherhood" window. On her way to the Cathedral she visited the Episcopal

Church of St. Martin, a large West Indian Church in Harlem. On November 1 she attended a ball organised by the Associated Commonwealth Societies of New York in the Armoury (Drill Hall) of the U.S. 7th Regiment, where a guard of honour of British Commonwealth ex-Service men was mounted; and on November 2 she motored to Hyde Park to lunch with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. On November 3 she attended a dinner of the English-Speaking Union, to acknowledge the recent establishment by the Union of a permanent fellowship fund in memory of King George VI.; and made her only major public speech of the visit to New York.



SWIMMING IN TYPICAL FASHION, WITH ITS LONG, SNAKE-LIKE NECK EXTENDED AND ITS BODY AWASH: THE DARTER, OR SNAKEBIRD; THE BIRD ON THE TREE IS A PADDY BIRD.



PERCHED CORMORANT-LIKE ON A BRANCH, HANGING ITS WINGS OUT TO DRY: THE DARTER, OR SNAKEBIRD, PHOTOGRAPHED IN A TYPICAL ATTITUDE AT DHARATPUR, IN RAJPUTANA.

A BIRD WHICH SWIMS WITH ONLY ITS HEAD AND NECK ABOVE WATER: THE DARTER, OR SNAKEBIRD.

These two studies of the darter, or snakebird (*Anhinga melanogaster*), were taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho at Bharatpur, in Rajputana, India. The darter is closely related to the cormorant, but is a bird solely of fresh water. It surpasses the cormorant's skill in fishing, moving underwater at an incredible pace. It kills with a rapid thrust of its bill, and after impaling a fish on its beak,

rises to the surface of the water, throws the fish into the air and catches it as it descends. Its flight and voice are similar to the cormorant, but it swims with only its head and snake-like neck above the water. Different species of the darter are found in Asia, Africa, Australia and South America; the Asiatic form, shown here, is found in India, Ceylon, Burma, Java, the Philippines and Celebes.



LIKE A DANCER IN A BALLET: A HOPOE PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE VALE OF KASHMIR AS IT APPROACHED ITS NEST IN A HOLLOW IN A MULBERRY TREE. ITS CREST IS ERECTED LIKE A FAN.

This striking photograph of a hoopoe (*Upupa epops*) is another in our series of bird studies by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore. The bird was photographed with a speedflash at 1:3000th sec. as it was approaching its nest in a hollow in a mulberry tree at 5000 ft. in the Vale of Kashmir. There are six species of True Hoopoe (*Upupidae*), of which the Common Hoopoe (*Upupa epops*) is typical, this form breeding in Southern Europe and being a regular passage migrant through

England. The habits of the races in India and Africa are similar. The hoopoe walks and runs with ease and has a butterfly-like flight. It has a pinkish-fawn plumage marked with black and white bars, and a showy crest which opens like a fan when the bird is excited and for a moment when the bird settles (as can be seen in this photograph). The hoopoe nests frequently in holes in trees, especially willows and olives, and also in buildings, piles of stones, and so on.



THE sin of covetousness, however deadly it may be, however warping to the character and searing to the soul, is one I find specially difficult to avoid. It is therefore just as well that covetousness is not merely tempting and attractive, but horribly expensive. I am, however, in the enviable position—at any rate, at the moment—of being able to flirt with temptation in the certainty that I shall not fall by the wayside. Nevertheless, I have avoided, and shall avoid, certain sales this autumn like the plague, because they happen to contain several objects which I cannot possibly afford but which I should like to live with and maybe stroke daily—all small things fit for the merest band-box of a house or flat. Here are three of them and I venture to put down in writing why they give me such pleasure. Normally I find engraving on glass tiresome unless it is done by a real master—it is either too ornate or too stilted or too mathematically correct; in this glass (Fig. 2.) you have diamond engraving, loose and flowing and delicate, as if the craftsman was merely following his wayward fancy and half-dreaming of spring. Compare this with all the careful banalities you have ever seen on later glass and you will probably agree that there is a freshness and spontaneity about it that is uncommonly pleasant—it might almost be embroidery, and, now I come to think of it, the learned may very likely find a parallel to the design in some seventeenth-century embroidered textile. The photograph is sufficiently clear to indicate that there is engraving on the foot; it also gives a notion of the substance of the glass, which is not the bright, gleaming glass-of-lead of the English tradition as handed down by Ravenscroft, but the imperfect soda glass as taught to Europe by the Venetians who, in their turn, had learnt the craft from the Near East.

There is a considerable gap in the known history of English glass-making between the end of the sixteenth century and the last part of the seventeenth, when George Ravenscroft, actively encouraged by the astute members of the Glass-sellers Company, sought for, and found, the improved metal called flint glass (or glass-of-lead), and thus laid the foundations of a most successful industry. Careful research over the

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MIXED BAG.

By FRANK DAVIS.

glass and to teach the craft to Englishmen. After he retired in 1592 the industry was controlled under the monopoly system and—to cut a longish story short—by 1623 was wholly in the hands of that remarkable character, Sir Robert Mansell, retired admiral and formidable business man, who clung like a leech to his legal rights until his death in 1656. There are numerous glasses in existence by Verzellini, and many of which might be either by him or from Venice; very few have been assigned to the Mansell period and if,

regarded with insular jealousy by their rivals, who had, so to speak, only recently graduated from the ranks of the blacksmiths. Indeed, literally so, for it was the village blacksmith, bless him, who made and maintained the village clock, and it was the Blacksmiths' Company which originally controlled the craft so far as that was possible. So in 1622, sixteen London clockmakers petitioned the King with no result; in 1630 they tried again and asked for incorporation, which was granted in the following year. Thus the infant industry was established on a sound footing, and that is—to me, at any rate—another reason for my casting a covetous eye upon this particular clock, for Christian de Wellke was a foreigner, as his name suggests, a splendid craftsman, as his work proves, and also a petitioner for the incorporation of the Clockmakers' Company. He had already been admitted a member of the Blacksmiths' Company in 1628, on which occasion he was described as a "Polander." In these two industries alone, glass and clockmaking, who can assess how much we owe to the gifted craftsmen who settled among us and to the wise policy which enabled them to become absorbed into the nation?

The third thing which tempts me to invoke the green-eyed goddess is rather more esoteric and subtle, though the illustration is clear enough—but it requires a great deal more than a casual glance. Besides, it owes much to its colour—blue, with the design in white. A great deal of ink and some eloquence has been consumed at one time and another to prove the exact date of the few lovely examples of this type of porcelain which have survived the centuries. The ordinary man is liable to become a trifle impatient with a scholarship so meticulous that it becomes a matter of high importance whether a particular style of decoration or a particular quality of glaze first appeared early or late in the fifteenth century; yet this nicety of judgment is not regarded as anything but admirable in other fields of research—indeed, is taken for granted as necessary. To take a rather obvious example, the dating of the plays of Shakespeare in the order in which they were written throws light upon the development of the author's thought. So, in delving into the history of ceramics, the dating of particular techniques enables the historian to draw a coherent picture of the development of the whole astonishing story of Chinese ceramics—and that's more than a mere academic exercise. Experts still wrangle amiably as to whether this dish, in spite of its mark (The Emperor Hsüan Tê, 1426-1435), does not, in fact, belong to the reign of



FIG. 2. DIAMOND-ENGRAVED WITH A FREE-FLOWING FLORAL DESIGN: AN EARLY ENGLISH SODA-GLASS GOBLET WITH LARGE BUCKET BOWL. (Height 9½ ins.)

This early English diamond-engraved soda-glass goblet bears a free-flowing design of a rose, gilly flower, tulip and other small flowers. It dates from the second half of the seventeenth century, and may well belong to the years previous to the death of Sir Robert Mansell in 1656.

as the experts suggest, this goblet dates from towards the end of his life, then it becomes an important historical document. What is of more interest to me and, I imagine, to many other people, is not that so much as its quite extraordinary quality—it is something I really would enjoy living with.

The next thing I covet is the table clock of Fig. 1, from the early seventeenth century, not because it is likely to help me catch trains or buses, but because I find it a singularly gracious object, far more pleasant to sight and touch than the majority of similar things of that period; somehow, in its unpretentious way, it seems to epitomise whatever was best in both small- and large-scale design about the year 1620—the pierced, flowering scrolls of the upper part, for example, and the hunting scenes amid strapwork around the outside of the cylindrical case. Moreover, the details of the movement are no less beautifully engraved and chased. Like the glass, it is not without historical importance, for its type is very rare, and it is signed "Christianus de Wellke St. Martins le Grand at London me fecit." Thus we are spirited back to what must have been a very stormy period in the development of the clock and watchmaking craft, for, taken by and large, the most skilled clockmakers were, at the end of the sixteenth century, foreigners and



FIG. 1. BY CHRISTIAN DE WELKE: A VERY RARE EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH HORIZONTAL TABLE ALARM CLOCK, c. 1620. (Diameter 5½ ins.)

This rare early seventeenth-century clock by Christian de Wellke, a "Polander" of St. Martins le Grand, is enclosed in a cylindrical gilt-metal case supported on four lion feet and engraved with strapwork enclosing hunting scenes.

last fifty years or so has established certain broad facts—how, for example, a few Lorrainers came over to the Sussex Weald in 1567 and made window glass in competition with the small-scale industry already established there, and how, soon afterwards, a glass-house to manufacture glasses in Venetian style was established in London. The great name of those decades was Jacob Verzellini, who was given by Elizabeth I. a twenty-one-year privilege to make



FIG. 3. DECORATED IN THE CENTRE IN WHITE WITH A FLOWERING BRANCH AND WITH FOUR FRUITING BRANCHES ON THE SAUCER-SHAPED SIDES: A SUPERB FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BLUE-GLAZED CHINESE FRUIT DISH.

This dish is an example of a rare and much admired type notable for the grace and elegance of the drawing; the design white, against a blue background. It bears the six-character mark of the Chinese Emperor Hsüan Tê (1426-1435) in underglaze blue on a white label on the underside of the rim. (11½ ins.)

Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.

Hung-Chih (1488-1505), and the solution of the problem, which depends upon other evidence too complicated to be summarised here, is a very nice point of connoisseurship. To weigh up all the evidence would be fun—but to live with this noble dish and to enjoy the miraculous grace of the drawing every day would be far better. For once in a way let the pundits go hang themselves!

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice when considering the shopping list for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1955 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

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THE VETERAN FRENCH PAINTER WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-FOUR ON NOVEMBER 3: MONSIEUR HENRI MATISSE, LEADER OF THE FAUVES GROUP, WHICH ASTOUNDED PARIS IN 1905.

With the death of Henri Matisse at his home in Nice a great figure has gone from the world of art. Born in Picardy in 1869, at the age of twenty he gave up his position as a lawyer's clerk to study art. He worked at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Bouguereau, and later with Gustave Moreau, his fellow-students being Rouault and Dufy. In 1898 he visited London and, having heard of Whistler and his Japanese prints, began his study of Oriental art. Until 1905 Matisse painted in experimental—not revolutionary—style, but in that year the Salon contained a room where his first "unconventional" paintings were hung with works by other advanced painters, including Derain, Braque and Rouault. These roused a storm of fury and the critic Louis Vauxcelles called the room a "*cage aux fauves*" (wild beasts' cage). The name stuck, and the Fauves group was born. As the years passed Matisse achieved international fame. He was represented in the London Post-Impressionist

exhibitions of 1910, 1911 and 1937; but did not become a subject for general controversy here until the Picasso and Matisse exhibition was held at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1945. Frenzied argument arose on the art of these two painters, and the general public has since linked their names together, although they do not resemble each other. Matisse is represented by two works in the Tate Gallery, where last year his sculpture was exhibited. America was at first shocked by him, but in 1927 he was awarded a first prize at the Carnegie International and last year the title of "Outstanding Artist of 1953" was conferred on him by the National Arts Foundation in New York. In 1947 he offered to design and decorate a church for the Dominicans of Vence, and it was consecrated in 1951. He was an etcher, lithographer, sculptor and book illustrator, and designed some textiles; though he is best known for his many paintings of "*Odalisques*" in Mediterranean interiors.

INCLUDING IMPRESSIONIST, POST-IMPRESSIONIST AND
BARBIZON SCHOOL, PICTURES FOR A LONDON SHOW.



"LA SEINE AU PONT DE GRENELLE";
BY STANISLAS LÉPINE (1836-1892).
PAINTED ABOUT 1875.
(Canvas; 15 by 22 ins.)



"LA TASSE DE CHOCOLAT" (THE CUP OF CHOCOLATE); BY EDGAR
DEGAS (1834-1917), PREVIOUSLY UNRECORDED. (Pastel; 17½ by 13½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT D'ENFANT"; BY MARY CASSATT (1845-1927), THE AMERICAN-
BORN IMPRESSIONIST PAINTER. (Pastel; 19 by 17 ins.)



"PÂTURAGES À L'AUBRE: LIMOUSIN"
(PASTURES AT DAWN: LIMOUSIN); BY JEAN-
BAPTISTE COROT (1796-1875). PAINTED IN
1845. COROT, LEADING FIGURE OF THE
BARBIZON SCHOOL, WAS A LANDSCAPE
PAINTER OF GENIUS WHO TOOK HIS
INSPIRATION FROM NATURE HERSELF.
(Canvas; 12 by 22 ins.)



"UNE MATINÉE DE JUIN: VUE PRISE DES HAUTEURS DE PONTOISE." (JUNE MORNING: VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS
OF PONTOISE); BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903). PAINTED IN 1873. (Canvas; 22 by 36 ins.)



"TÊTE DE FILLETTE" (LITTLE GIRL'S HEAD); BY AMADEO
MODIGLIANI (1884-1920). PAINTED IN 1916. (Panel; 9½ by 6½ ins.)

ON this and the facing page we reproduce some of the paintings and pastels to be included in the exhibition of "Recent Acquisitions" at the Galleries of Arthur Tooth and Sons, which is due to open on November 15. The works on view will include examples of the Barbizon School, in the form of paintings by Corot, the leading member, and pictures by Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and members of the Paris School, as well as paintings by the great English eighteenth-century masters.



"THE COTTAGE DOOR"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788). A SUBJECT WITH WHICH THE ARTIST WAS MUCH OCCUPIED BETWEEN 1780-6. (Canvas; 20 by 24 ins.)



"LA PLAGE À DEAUVILLE" (THE BEACH AT DEAUVILLE); BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1825-1898), ONE OF THE ARTIST'S FAVOURITE SUBJECTS. PAINTED IN 1882. (Panel; 12 by 18 ins.)

AN interesting exhibition of "Recent Acquisitions" is due to open at the Bruton Street Galleries of Messrs. Tooth on Monday next, November 15; and is to continue until December 18. The works on view range over a wide field, and include important paintings of various periods of the English, French and Dutch Schools. Gainsborough's "The Cottage Door" depicts a subject with which he was greatly occupied between the years 1780 and 1786. One version, formerly in the collection of the Duke of Westminster, was sold by the late Lord Duveen to the Huntington Collection, California. A painting of the same title, but presenting a different subject, was formerly in Lord Tollemache's collection. This work dating from 1786 was sold for £27,300 at Christie's in 1953. The painting now on view at Tooth's was at one time in the possession of Sarah Emily Browne, a descendant of the artist. The picture of the "Interior of a Fisherman's Hut," by Richard Parkes Bonington, is an unusual subject

[Continued below, right.]



"INTERIOR OF A FISHERMAN'S HUT"; BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (1802-1828), A MOST UNUSUAL SUBJECT FOR THAT ARTIST. PAINTED IN 1824. (Canvas; 21 by 26½ ins.)

FOR AN EXHIBITION OPENING NEXT WEEK: FINE WORKS OF THREE EUROPEAN SCHOOLS.



"THE MOUTH OF A RIVER"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1665), A LIVELY MARINE PAINTING OF A CHOPPY SEA AND SHIPPING. SIGNED WITH INITIALS. (Canvas; 14½ by 13 ins.)



"MÈRE ET ENFANT" (MOTHER AND CHILD); BY PABLO PICASSO (B. 1881), A WORK OF HIS "BLUE" PERIOD. PAINTED IN 1904. (Canvas; 16 by 13 ins.)

[Continued.]

for this painter and was previously unrecorded. An old label adhering to the back of it states that it was painted for Bonington's patron, M. Poulain, a solicitor of Dunkirk, for whom he painted other pictures of fishermen's cottages at Calais and Boulogne. Bonington, who died at an early age, was a delightful painter. Although born in England, he studied in France and worked there, and, indeed, belongs more to the French than the English school. In addition to landscapes of France and Venice, Bonington painted a number of "costume pictures." He is well represented in the Wallace Collection. The Picasso of the Mother and Child belongs to his "Blue" period, which dates from the early years of the century. It has been in a private collection for many years, and has never before been publicly exhibited or reproduced. The Van Goyen is a fine work by one of the earliest of the Dutch landscape painters, who was, incidentally, the father-in-law of Jan Steen.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MORNING HYMN OF HATE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

OUR brown owls arrived in the evening, and as they were taken into the aviary a solitary robin sat on the roof of the aviary uttering his alarm note. The next morning it was different. Soon after dawn a blackbird foraging near the aviary gave the first alarm and in a surprisingly quick time the foliage of the oak sheltering the aviary was alive with little birds. There could have been no fewer than fifty in the branches overhanging the aviary: blackbirds, song-thrushes, chaffinches, sparrows, robins, wrens, blue and great tits. It seemed as if the din of their alarm calls must wake the whole neighbourhood. The oak was literally alive, as if the foliage itself had assumed some phenomenal animation, as the birds moved all the time in an excited General Post. Every now and then one of them would fly away over the hedges, to return later. But for every one that flew out two or three seemed to come in. So it went on for three-quarters of an hour.

The following morning there was the same excited assembly of the small birds of our immediate neighbourhood, and the same din from their alarm calls. Both began at almost precisely the same time by the

It is noticeable that, first, of the birds assembling, the alarm note of the blackbird is the loudest and most clamorous. And it seems—although this is far from easy to prove—that the assembly does not really gather momentum until that call is sounded. For example, even if a robin is the first to utter its alarm note, there is little, if any, response until the noisy blackbirds join in. One has the impression that certain animals, quite by chance, of course, act in practice as sentinels. The blackbird is one of these, the wood pigeon, with its noisy flight, is another. Certainly in our daily performance the blackbird seems to act as "barker."

The next feature noted is the distance from which birds of many species will come in response to the alarm notes. The maximum population of blackbirds in the garden, as represented by the numbers on the ground at feeding-times, is probably half-a-dozen. In the first days of the mobbing a dozen at least were present. Similar proportions can be estimated for other species. By watching the movements of

60 ft. from the owls' aviary, brought together by the raucous cries of one jay and one magpie. This was the only time any bird larger than a blackbird had taken part. A score of small birds soon joined them. Puzzled by the place where the scolding party was being held, I went out to investigate. There was no owl in the tree. The aviary owls were out of sight in their roost. I was told a sparrowhawk had passed overhead. This was not, however, the typical greeting to a sparrowhawk and it had the appearance of a mixed reaction, as if the known proximity of the owls and the appearance of the hawk had set the small birds' reactions on the wrong track.

The stimulus calling forth the mobbing reaction may be the sight of an owl or, if the few examples can be trusted, the cry of an owl. The reaction itself is very persistent, even if it tends to become less intense with regular repetition; it is also very strong, since it overcomes the territorial instinct and natural aggressiveness. There is, however, one clear-cut conclusion to be drawn from these present observations: that the mobbing is linked with a time factor. I have occasionally seen little owls that feed by day mobbed



SCENE OF THE MORNING MOBING EXERCISE DESCRIBED BY DR. BURTON: THE AVIARY UNDER THE SPREADING BRANCHES OF AN OAK IN HIS GARDEN IN SURREY.

In this aviary under the branches of an oak live two tame tawny or brown owls. From the first morning after their introduction into the aviary the small birds of the neighbourhood have assembled in strength in the oak to cry alarm at the owls' presence. Although, six weeks later,

the force of this has somewhat diminished, it still persists. Yet it seems doubtful if this is a safety measure. Rather it seems that the presence of the owls affords a focal point for a normal unease, and that the mobbing and its accompanying chorus are less a challenge than a "hymn of hate."

Photograph by Humphrey Cull.

clock, and continued on this occasion for an hour. Matters now began to appear more difficult than I had foreseen, but there was comfort in one thought. The mobbing of owls by small birds is probably an automatic or innate reaction to the sight of an owl. Such reactions tend to grow weaker with repetition. In that event, there was the hope that in time the small birds around might become accustomed to the presence of the owls and cease to make this fuss. In any case, it seemed worth while to take note of what might happen.

Within a week there were signs of a diminution in the number of birds participating and, naturally, in the volume of sound produced. The period of the mobbing was slightly less, the participants were somewhat less agitated, and they did not necessarily form a tight group in the branches of the oak. Now, six weeks later, the morning "hymn of hate" still continues but is more diffuse, a smudge rather than a heavy black blot. The alarm chorus starts at almost the same time after dawn and dies away after about three-quarters of an hour. The birds taking part are fewer in number, they are more spread out over the garden, and although individual alarm notes are as loud, they are less sustained and the chorus itself is intermittent instead of continuous as in the first days.

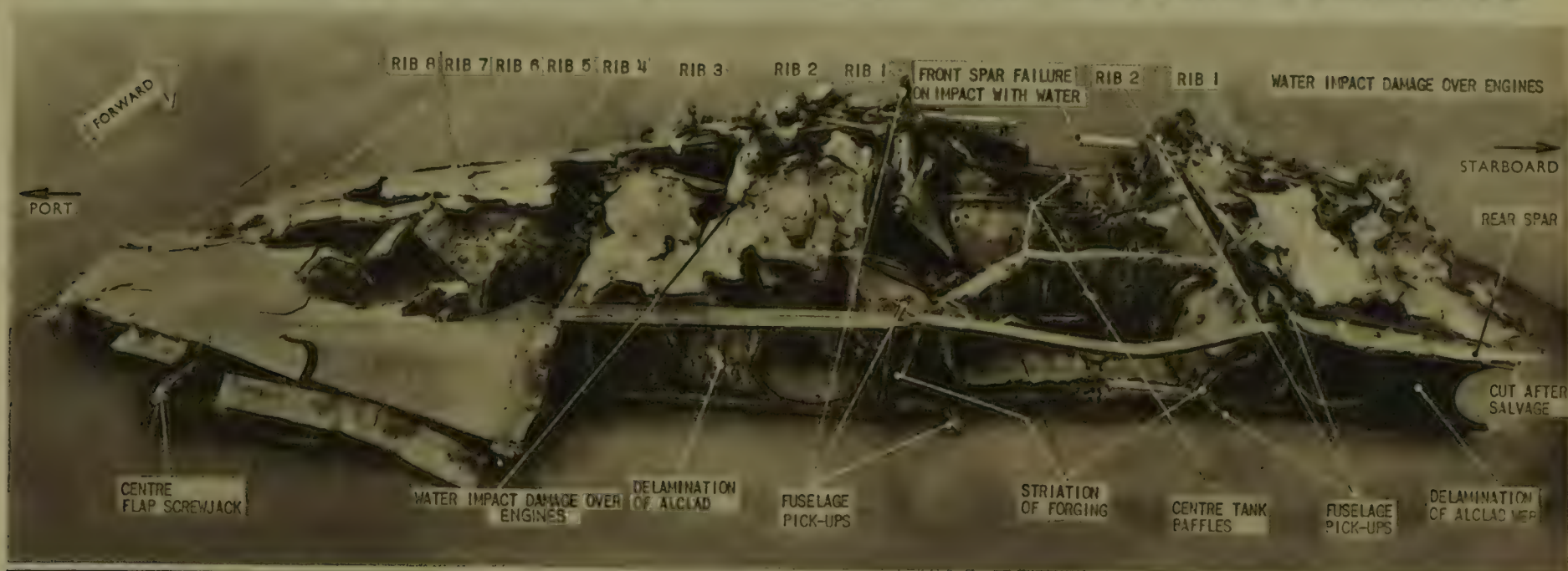
incoming and outgoing birds during the same mobbing periods, it could be estimated that the birds bunched in and around the oak were normally dispersed over an area of about an acre. From this it can be inferred that territorial claims are subordinated at such times, as well as the individual animosities that are so marked around the feeding-tables.

The outstanding feature is, however, that the mobbing occurs only in that period of an hour or so soon after dawn. There have been occasions during the rest of the day when a blackbird will raise a sudden alarm call, apparently at sight of one of the owls, for they often come out from their roost to perch in broad daylight. And several times I have observed a blackbird, anything up to 100 ft. away, respond with an alarm call to a call from one of the owls. This may be joined by one or a few calls from other birds, but nothing like a mobbing assembly eventuates. In any event, blackbirds readily alarm-call and one cannot always be sure that a lurking cat may not be the cause. Virtually, therefore, we may say mobbing these brown owls is a dawn exercise. The only time in the last six weeks when anything comparable to the dawn mobbing occurred was at midday one Sunday. Suddenly a mobbing party assembled in a tree

by day. The same is true for hawks. Grey squirrels, also diurnal, may be mobbed in full daylight in the nesting season. But of all the many occasions I have seen tawny owls mobbed, now that I look back I cannot recall an occasion when it took place other than at dawn, at the one time in the day when normally tawny owls are likely to be dangerous to small birds. This has been brought out also by the six-weeks observation of what takes place in the vicinity of the owls' aviary.

Finally, there is this remarkable contradiction—that a tawny owl is most dangerous to small birds at night, when it may dislodge them in their roost and kill. A moving bird is, however, safe. Yet at all times of the year a brown owl will be mobbed, and apparently only after dawn. That is, the mobbing, while seemingly a safety measure, is perhaps a gesture rather than a necessity. Certainly in the diffused form now practised around my aviary it is common to see the small birds feeding and uttering the alarm call practically simultaneously. Small birds are noticeably uneasy around dawn and alarm calls are common then, with no apparent reason for them. It could be that the tawny owl returning from its night's hunting merely provides a focus for this

THE ELBA COMET DISASTER: RE-ASSEMBLING THE SALVAGED FRAGMENTS.



THE CENTRE SECTION OF THE PORT WING OF THE COMET "YOKE PETER"—THE FRAGMENTS WHICH WERE RECOVERED FROM THE SEA NEAR ELBA ASSEMBLED ON A FRAME TO ASSIST THOSE CONDUCTING THE INQUIRY INTO THE NAPLES AND ELBA COMET DISASTERS. IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE WING IS SHOWN.



THE REAR FUSELAGE AND TAIL UNIT OF THE COMET "YOKE PETER," SEEN FROM THE STARBOARD SIDE. THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE WOODEN FRAMES MADE BY THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT TO CARRY THE SALVAGED FRAGMENTS IN THEIR APPROPRIATE POSITIONS.



THE REAR FUSELAGE AND TAIL UNIT OF THE COMET "YOKE PETER," SEEN FROM THE PORT SIDE—IN THE CENTRE, THE DOORWAY CAN BE SEEN. THIS IS THE SAME FRAME AS THE MIDDLE PHOTOGRAPH, BUT HERE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

To assist in the investigation of the *Comet* accidents near Elba and Naples, the Royal Aircraft Establishment reconstructed the salvaged wreckage of the *Comet* "Yoke Peter" (recovered in a brilliant and prolonged salvage operation from the sea-bed near Elba) on to wooden frames so that each fragment could be seen in its proper relation. Our photographs show the tail and rear fuselage frame and the centre section of the port wing (seen from above). At the time of writing the *Comet* inquiry was still in progress. Since our last report, probably the most notable developments were as follows: Mr. Jablonsky's theory that the disasters

were due to failures of the Redux adhesive was discounted; Sir Arnold Hall's statement that there was no reason why *Comet* aircraft should not go back into service after certain modifications and have "a very successful career"; and Dr. Walker's statement that although on the tests done at Farnborough the safe life of the original *Comets* should have been less than 2700 hours, nevertheless there was nothing inherent in the design which would prevent its being made a perfectly safe aircraft. As soon as possible after the inquiry the de Havilland Company hope to issue a statement on their plans for the *Comets* II. and III.

FROM FOUR CONTINENTS: AIR DISASTERS, POLITICAL AND SERVICES NEWS.



THE NEW TYPE OF "HAMMOCK CAMP-BED" WHICH IS TO BE INTRODUCED INTO THE ROYAL NAVY: SHOWN BOTH SLUNG AND FITTED WITH METAL RUNNERS AND STRETCHERS. On November 6 the Admiralty announced that a new type of hammock was being introduced in the Navy. This can be normally used as a hammock or easily converted with metal stretchers and legs into a camp-bed, where hammocks can not be slung or in hot weather, when it is preferable to sleep on deck.



AT THE BRITANNIA SHIELD CONTEST: (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN S. BAILEY (U.S.A.F.), GROUP CAPTAIN D. A. CHACKSFIELD (R.A.F.) AND CAPTAIN DE WITK (NETHERLANDS).

The ninth Britannia Shield contest opened at the R.A.F. Station, Uxbridge, on November 6. Service athletes from the R.A.F. (the winners for the last three years), the U.S.A.F. in Europe, the R.C.A.F. in Europe, Belgium, Norway, the Netherlands and France were competing.



FIRM FRENCH ACTION AGAINST TERRORISM IN ALGERIA: FRENCH TROOPS RETURNING FROM PATROLS IN THE FOOTHILLS WITH A NUMBER OF SUSPECTED TERRORISTS. Immediate action was taken by the French Government against the outbreaks of terrorism which occurred mainly in the Aures Mountains, south of Constantine, at the beginning of November. Many engagements were reported, but by November 4 the mountain villages were freed.



MOURNERS AND PEASANTS BRINGING THE BODY OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S BROTHER BACK FROM THE SCENE OF THE AIR CRASH, ABOUT FORTY MILES NORTH-EAST OF TEHRAN. The body of Prince Ali Reza was found with the wreckage of his aircraft near Nur, in wild country; and after being carried to Teheran was buried on November 4 in the Royal mausoleum at Rey, alongside that of his father, Reza Shah. Twelve Persian Army generals carried the coffin at the funeral.



FRENCH RULE ENDS IN PONDICHERRY: THE INDIAN FLAG FLYING OVER THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WHERE IT WAS HOISTED EARLY IN THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 1.

In accordance with the agreements signed on October 21, French rule in Pondicherry, Karikal, Mahé and Yanam ended *de facto* on November 1, when shortly before 7 a.m. the instrument of transfer was signed in a brief ceremony and the Indian flag hoisted immediately afterwards.



THE WRECKAGE OF THE TRANS-AUSTRALIA AIRLINES VISCOUNT, IN WHICH THREE PILOTS WERE KILLED, BUT FOUR MEN AND A SMALL BOY ESCAPED.

On October 31 a Vickers Viscount turboprop airliner, the first of six ordered by Trans-Australia Airlines, crashed and caught fire near Mangalore Airport. Three pilots were killed, but four other members of the crew and the eight-year-old son of one of them escaped from the burning wreckage.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS IN THE NEWS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



(ABOVE.) SUBJECT OF A PETITION TO THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION: THE LIFEBOAT *GUIDE OF DUNKIRK* AT CADGWITH, IN CORNWALL.

The little village of Cadgwith, on the Lizard Peninsular in Cornwall, which has long claimed to be the "home of lifeboatmen," is organising a petition against the possible closure of the lifeboat station. Since 1867 successive Cadgwith lifeboats have saved 371 lives. The present boat, *Guide of Dunkirk*, which is shown here, has been at the station since 1941. She was the gift of the Girl Guides and Rangers of the British Empire.



THE FIRST ALL-BRITISH MOTOR SCOOTER: THE DAYTON *ALBATROSS*, WHICH HAS A PETROL CONSUMPTION OF OVER 80 M.P.G.
The first all-British motor scooter, the Dayton *Albatross*, is to go into full production next January. It is powered by a 225-c.c. Villiers two-stroke engine and has a top speed of over 65 m.p.h. The price, with purchase tax, will be £182 14s.

(RIGHT.) THE TRIESTE CELEBRATIONS OF ARMED FORCES DAY ON NOVEMBER 4: A SCENE IN THE PIAZZA UNITÀ DURING AN ADDRESS BY THE PRIME MINISTER.

Nearly 200,000 people packed the Piazza Unità in Trieste on November 4 during celebrations of Armed Forces Day. The Prime Minister, Signor Scelba, spoke to the crowd from the balcony of the town hall, but was interrupted on a number of occasions by whistling and booing and cries of "Istria, Istria" (Zone B). The President of the Italian Republic, Signor Einaudi, reviewed a parade of troops along the waterfront, and conferred the Italian Medal of honour on the city.



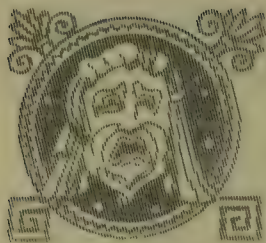
UNVEILED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION: A PLAQUE ON THE DOCTORS' WAR MEMORIAL AT B.M.A. HOUSE IN LONDON.

Our photograph shows Sir John McNee, President of the B.M.A., unveiling the plaque when a war memorial in honour of doctors of the Commonwealth who gave their lives in World War II, was dedicated on November 2 by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The memorial, designed by Mr. James Woodford, R.A., in collaboration with Mr. S. Rowland Pierce, F.R.I.B.A., stands in the Court of Honour.



WATCHING ART STUDENTS AT WORK: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DURING HER RECENT VISIT TO THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE, IN ST. PANCRAS, LONDON.

On November 5 the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, paid an informal visit to the Working Men's College, in St. Pancras, London. The college was celebrating the centenary of its foundation by F. D. Maurice. The Queen presented to Mr. Sidney Marks, of Hackney, student of the year, a medal given to the school by her father when he was Duke of York.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

FUN AND NOISE.

By ALAN DENT.

WE who think ourselves discriminating tend to shy from things that are over-publicised. The Italian Film Festival lasted a whole week, with a different film showing each night and sometimes an extra one in the afternoon as well; and it seemed to those of us who had time to think—i.e., the non-obligation to attend at absolutely every item—that this Fiesta was altogether too much of too many good things.

Also, of course, such a celebration cannot but bring out our traditional and insular inhibitions against universal joviality. Turning the grim old Strand—or even the small section of it in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tivoli, which was the affair's chief headquarters—into the semblance of a Roman Carnival is all very well once in a way. But it is also awfully un-English, don't you know! An endeared music-hall comedian of my early infancy called Charles Whittle used to sing a jaunty number called "Let's All Go Down the Strand," the reason for this decision being that

That's the place for fun and noise,
All amongst the girls and boys.

But that was away back in the days when this century was not even in its teens and still in what Max Beerbohm has called its "noughts." The Tivoli itself was then one of the leading music-halls; and all evening and every evening top-stars could be seen arriving at the Tivoli stage-door (so they tell me) while other top-stars took their vacated cabs.

But that was the old Tivoli, which was to meet its end at the hands of the demolition-men in the middle of World War One. After some vicissitudes a brand-new cinema-theatre—now one of the oldest—was raised on the same site. And only a few more years shall roll (I dare say) before film-critics, ten years younger than myself, will be sentimentally reminiscing about the film of "Ben Hur" as it was first shown there, and of how around the same year—

their photographs. If ever they had heard of the enchanting fun-fairs called Tivoli at both Odense and Copenhagen, in Denmark, they must have been no less disconcerted at our seemingly but staid

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



MISS GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA AS "A WILD, UNTAMED MOUNTAIN-GIRL" IN "BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS," WITH VITTORIO DE SICA.

For this fortnight Mr. Dent has chosen Gina Lollobrigida as the actress who, in his opinion, has given an outstanding performance in a current film. He writes: "Already known here in various small parts in lesser films, this enchanting little Italian actress now makes of a major rôle—in Luigi Comencini's 'Bread, Love and Dreams'—quite the most exciting thing in the torrent of new Italian films which has just descended on London. She plays a wild, untamed mountain-girl, a spitfire of great piquancy, and she clearly reveals in this film that she is an actress of integrity and intensity, as well as the sauciest little sorceress to meet our gaze for many a long day."

picture-palace in the busy but unsmiling Strand. However, they brought with them some remarkably fresh and characteristic films, and the best of these are either still running in other parts of London or about to be distributed throughout the country.

The Italians seem to have a partiality for composite films made out of four or five short films by different directors—sometimes with a connecting link, sometimes with none at all. In "We, the Women," there is a curious and somewhat depressing prelude in which we see how Italian girls are chosen for film-work in a kind of

open competition. The men, it would appear, are not chosen at all: they just happen. After this we have four episodes which pretend, more or less convincingly, to be four actual happenings in the real lives of Alida Valli, Ingrid Bergman, Isa Miranda, and Anna Magnani. Valli, it seems, once all but annexed the fiancé of her masseuse—a young man wildly beneath her

station—but desisted in the decent nick of time. Bergman, it would appear, once all but slaughtered a neighbour's hen which destroyed the roses in the garden of her villa near Rome. Miranda reveals rather touchingly how she resisted the temptation to become an ordinary wife and mother and so accepted the chance to become an extraordinary film-star who soars far above such lowly ambitions. And finally Magnani—in a tornado of a performance which has the unfortunate effect of reducing the rest of the film to triviality—shows how she once quarrelled with a Roman taxi-driver who dared to try to charge her extra fare for her pet dachshund. Magnani is not only abounding funny in this little episode. But she also devastatingly suggests that she might easily in her past have done all those things the other three actresses refrained from doing in their several dilemmas, and yet have become exactly the same superb mistress of her art that she is now.

By far the best of the two episodes in another composite film called "Slice of Life" are entitled "The Baby" and "On Location." In the first, a nice young Italian couple, miserably poor, come to the harsh decision of abandoning their youngest baby in a church—and then fail to come to any decision as to which of the several churches they enter is most suitable for such a purpose. This has a touching charm, and Lea Padovani, who nags all the time but equally obviously loves her husband almost as much as her baby, is like a young Magnani. "On Location" has the melancholy charm of a pair of former lovers grown old and meeting again when both are playing with a crowd of "supers" on a film set. This has the tender grace of a short story by Maupassant in his less well-known but not less effective style. Its down-and-out Count is played with remarkable finesse by Vittorio de Sica, the director of "Bicycle Thieves." His gift of acting as well as he directs has been one of the revelations of the Fiesta.

The other has been the phenomenon known as Gina Lollobrigida. This shapely wisp of warm-hearted Italianateness is seen at her hitherto unrevealed best in the film called "Bread, Love and Dreams," where she is a mountain-nymph—sweet as Wordsworth's liberty and very much more southerly—who spends most of her time on a donkey. The local carabinieri are distracted about her. Their marshal (Mr. de Sica again) lets his eye rove in her direction very frequently, and is twirling his wicked



IN ONE OF THE FILMS SHOWN DURING THE ITALIAN FILM FESTIVAL AT THE TIVOLI, STRAND, FROM OCTOBER 25-31: GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA IN A SCENE FROM "BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS," IN WHICH SHE IS SEEN "AT HER HITHERTO UNREVEALED BEST." (THIS FILM OPENED AT THE CURZON CINEMA ON OCT. 29.)

1926 or 1927—the Tivoli had one of the best film-orchestras in Britain. So it had!

Let us revert, though, to our own day and to our Fiesta which has just come and gone. If our vivacious Italian visitors expected exquisite gardens at a place called Tivoli they must have been as disappointed as they looked, in some of



ALSO SHOWN DURING THE ITALIAN FILM FESTIVAL IN LONDON: A COMPOSITE FILM CALLED "SLICE OF LIFE," SHOWING VITTORIO DE SICA AS "THE AMOROUS BUS-DRIVER."

moustache whenever she glances angrily in his direction. She plays one long scene with him and another with the silly, handsome, devoted young carabinieri who wants to marry her, and both these scenes reveal that La Lollobrigida knows how to sustain a performance quite as well as she knows how to deploy her personal fascination. The film itself is unabashed farce, full of light and noise and shimmering fun, and frankly and wholeheartedly Italian.



'NEW CITY HOUSE': THE 27-STOREY BLOCK OF OFFICES WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO BUILD, SUBJECT TO APPROVAL, ON A SITE IN THE CITY OF LONDON. This architect's drawing shows the 27-storey block of offices which it is proposed to build on the 4-acre site bounded by Jewin Street, Aldersgate Street, and Barbican in the north part of the City of London. The project is being submitted to the Royal Fine Art Commission for approval. The building, to be known as New City House, would cost some £5,000,000 to build. The plans have been prepared by Felix Wilson and Partners.

BUILDINGS AND FASHIONS OLD AND NEW, AND THE CHURCHILL COMMEMORATIVE BOOK.



WHERE DEMOLITION WORK IS NOW IN PROGRESS: FISHER ROW, ALONG THE BANK OF THE OLD CANAL IN OXFORD.

Fisher Row, situated alongside the main road from Oxford station to the centre of the city, along the bank of the old canal, has been an eyesore in recent years. The houses are now being demolished a move which has been particularly welcomed by those concerned with the replanning of the City



THE DIOR FASHION SHOW AT BLENHEIM PALACE: ONE OF THE THIRTEEN FRENCH MANNEQUINS SHOWING A SATIN EVENING DRESS.

Princess Margaret was among 1600 guests at Blenheim Palace on November 3, when M. Christian Dior showed his winter collection there. The Paris designer brought over thirteen mannequins for the show, which was presented in aid of the British Red Cross Society, of which the Duchess of Marlborough, who lent the Palace for the occasion, is a member of the council.



PASSING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF BRITISH RED CROSS NURSES: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVING AT BLENHEIM PALACE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, FOR THE DIOR FASHION SHOW HELD IN AID OF THE RED CROSS.



ARRIVING AT THE ALBERT HALL FOR A DRESS REHEARSAL OF A "PAGEANT OF ARMY NURSING": "FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE" (RIGHT) AND TWO OF HER SUCCESSORS.

Florence Nightingale (portrayed by Captain Joan Moriarty) can be seen arriving at the Albert Hall in London on November 6, for a dress rehearsal of the "Pageant of Army Nursing," which was staged by members of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps. With her are Lieutenant M. Jones (left), in nursing costume of 1902, and Lieutenant H. McLintock, in the dress of 1860.



TO BE PRESENTED TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: THE COMMEMORATIVE BOOK OF SIGNATURES.

This photograph shows the fine cover of the volume, containing signatures of Members of the House of Commons, which is to be given to the Prime Minister in Westminster Hall at a meeting of both Houses of Parliament on his 80th birthday, on November 30. The cover is green, decorated with scroll work in Sir Winston's racing colours.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

SARAH AND NAT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I WOULD be uncommonly eager to know Sarah Bernhardt's views on Nat Jackley. However, as one of my schoolmasters used to say wistfully, after asking what might have happened if Richard the Third had won at Bosworth, "That must lead us into wild and unprofitable speculation." Certainly I had never expected to find Bernhardt and Jackley as neighbours in the same article.

Not long ago I received the full impact of Mr. Jackley. He is now turning the lower end of Victoria Street into an annexe to Blackpool. Never having visited Blackpool—and this is said humbly and regretfully—I was anxious to know just what happens upon that fabled shore and beneath that cloud-capped Tower. I gather now that, whoever Wakes in Blackpool is likely, any summer, to see something like "Off the Record" (Victoria Palace). The Mayor of Blackpool himself came down for the London première, and, at the last, he presented Mr. Jackley and the trumpeter, Eddie Calvert, with an enormous stick of Blackpool rock. This reminds me that I still have in my overcoat pocket the stick of rock, less rotund than the Mayor's but ample enough, that someone pressed generously into my hand as I entered the theatre. It should refresh me presently after my effort to evoke Nat Jackley and his neck.

There we were, then, in the Victoria Palace—a most distinguished gathering, the Mayor in a box, one or two members of the Crazy Gang (in mufti) sitting quietly in the audience and having a Crazy Gangster's busman's holiday, and Mr. Jimmy Edwards (and his moustache) occupying a central seat in the stalls. Most of us carried sticks of pink rock; I did not see Mr. Edwards's, but he was carrying a trumpet under his dinner-jacket, and probably had enough to do.

Mr. Jackley, who appeared on the stage without rock (that would come later), is made of elastic. He wears a moustache like a blob of tar on his upper lip, and in moments of emotion he removes the blob to wipe his eyes with it. On his first appearance he wore a jacket that hung loosely about him like a bathing-towel, a cap that seemed to be an expert piece of sofa upholstery, dress trousers too short for him, and white socks. But I was less concerned with his clothes than with his neck. This is preposterously flexible, and at times it can shoot his head far above the body. Mr. Jackley, it is plain, is the original rubber-neck. Also he has eyes that remind me, first, of Andersen's dog with eyes as big as saucers, then of the dog with eyes as big as mill-stones, and then, for some reason, of Othello as seen by Desdemona: "You are fatal . . . when your eyes roll so."

It must be a startling sight in Blackpool, at high summer, when Mr. Jackley, with his rolling eyes and rubber-neck, is observed to be sidling down among the rock. He sidles, slithers, capers—in fact, does everything but walk. Merely to look at his gambols the other night led me into wild and unprofitable speculation. What does he wear when he is not on the stage and not in Blackpool? And, in a crowd, how useful it must be simply to twist one's head up a few notches and look out from a personal crow's-nest.

The unhappy thing—here I put away my rock and reveal a flinty heart—is that Mr. Jackley, with all his zest and his personal advantages, ceases to be funny after five minutes or so. His script-writers, whoever they are—and the programme is tactfully silent—have

let him down. He seldom has anything to say that is at all comic. "Won't you hold your tongue!" snaps someone to him early. And Jackley replies: "I can't—it slips off my fingers." This might not matter, but even the themes of his miming become dolorous. The holiday camp scene is one long juvenile snigger. Or shall we call it something from "the vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world" (not, I fancy, an apt description of Blackpool)?



"WE ARE WISE GIRLS TO MOCK OUR LOVERS SO": THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE AND HER LADIES ADMIRE THE FAVOURS THEY HAVE RECEIVED FROM THEIR SUITORS IN A SCENE FROM "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" (OLD VIC). (L. TO R.) KATHERINE (GWEN CHERRELL); ROSALINE (VIRGINIA MCKENNA); PRINCESS OF FRANCE (ANN TODD) AND MARIA (ELEANORE BRYAN).

The two photographs on this page show scenes from the Old Vic production of Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost" which was introduced into their current repertory on October 19, and was discussed by Mr. Trewin in our issue of October 30, when he particularly praised the fine performance of John Neville as Berowne and Laurence Hardy as Holofernes. The production is by Frith Banbury; costumes and décor by Cecil Beaton, and the music is composed by Clifton Parker.

Elsewhere, "Off the Record" is dullest when it is most determined to be matey, to whip us into the party spirit, to turn up the house-lights upon us, and to make Boys and Girls of us all. Probably in summer, by a suitably lapping sea, this is just the thing. But it is less the thing down in Victoria on a damp November evening. There are reliefs. One is Eddie Calvert's expert way with his trumpet (Jimmy

Edwards suddenly made a majestic progress from the stalls to join him—for one performance only—and produced, with grave care, the smaller trumpet that he had been cuddling for so long). Arthur Worsley is an "ace ventriloquist" whom his dummy bullies almost to sobs: this can be charming.

I suppose that, in time to come when I hug the programme of "Off the Record," I may think fondly of the Waltzing Waters. It is not a new dance team, but simply a curious spectacle in which columns of water, glistening under the coloured lights, harmoniously fan and whirl and rise and fall and seethe in a shimmering ecstasy. It is all very lulling, and blessedly there is no script. My sole grief is that we shall never be able to imitate it in our bathrooms: Jimmy Currie, whose spectacle it is, holds the patents: Nos. 605499 and 680235. At the Victoria Palace, for some reason, the Waltzing Waters become the Fountains of Versailles; the De Vere Girls, very prim, are Ladies of the Court. Mr. Jackley does not come on in this scene; clearly he would be out of period.

Insecurely now, on a frail rope across the ravine, we can pull ourselves over to Sarah Bernhardt. (Versailles, France, Sarah: observe the link.) What a week this is! First, I confess ignorance of Blackpool, then admit that I never saw Sarah. (I was fourteen when she died.) Even so, nobody who has read Maurice Baring's monograph, or the works of James Agate, can be wholly unversed in her life and art. And a few days ago, Esmé Percy, who knew her in her prime, gave a talk on the great actress—and an impression of her style—that had a quite uncanny summoning power. It was at a private club theatre, somewhere between High Holborn and Drury Lane. Mr. Percy came upon the stage, poised himself negligently against a table, and suddenly, with a compelling ardour, flashed up for us the player whose voice, something between that of a mezzo-soprano and a choir-boy, could (he said) hold the sunset gold, or, perhaps, the gold and silver of the harvest moon. I think that, from Mr. Percy's talk, I may keep first his description of Sarah's exit in "La Tosca," after Scarpia's death, when for a minute or so after she had left the stage the audience seemed to watch her moving off through the long corridors: an extraordinary example of the way in which a major artist can hypnotise, possess her watchers.

Late one afternoon I heard a fine English actress as she spoke for the professional stage at a ceremony in the reopened and extended library of the British Drama League. Peggy Ashcroft, in her beautiful diction, was remembering Geoffrey Whitworth, whose portrait-bust had been unveiled. Everyone in the theatre loved Geoffrey Whitworth—his kindness, twenty years ago, to a young provincial journalist in a first London job remains with me yet—and it was moving to see him as he presided, in effigy, over that dignified room above the autumn-fading trees of Fitzroy Square.

I had just been re-reading Robert Speaight's "The Angel in the Mist," written in 1936. (There is a note on Sarah's Phèdre in this: "Her performance was a Florentine

love-philtre poured into a Grecian urn.") The novel opens in the early summer of 1965: the English National Theatre is about to be opened by the Thames. Geoffrey Whitworth, who laboured so bravely for the National Theatre, would have looked for it long before 1965. So do we. But the subject may lead me into wild and unprofitable speculation.



"MY 'SCUTCHEON PLAIN DECLARES THAT I AM ALISANDER": SIR NATHANIEL (PAUL DANEMAN) DRESSED UP TO REPRESENT ALEXANDER, AND COSTARD (MICHAEL BATES) DRESSED AS POMPEY, IN A SCENE FROM "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST." ON THE RIGHT THE KING OF NAVARRE (ERIC PORTER), THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE (ANN TODD) AND HER LADIES WATCH THE PAGEANT.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"OFF THE RECORD" (Victoria Palace).—This is Blackpool in London, a slap-bang (rather than slap-up) revue that seems ill at ease so far from the front. Eddie Calvert can surprise us on the trumpet, and if you have never seen Waltzing Waters, now is your time. Nat Jackley is an eccentric comedian with talent, but with a script that is wholly lamentable. (November 2.)

"THE IMMORALIST" (Arts Theatre Club).—The Ruth and Augustus Goetz play (from André Gide), with Yvonne Mitchell and Michael Gough at the head of the cast. I will return to it next week. (November 3.)

A RUSSIAN CRIMEAN WAR MEMORIAL.



DESTROYED IN THE DEFENCE OF SEVASTOPOL, 1941-42, AGAINST THE GERMANS AND NOW RESTORED: DETAIL OF THE SEVASTOPOL DEFENCE PANORAMA DEPICTING THE CRIMEAN WAR, BY F. RUBO, PAINTED HALF A CENTURY AGO.



WITH, IN THE CENTRE, A WOUNDED MAN BEING SUCCOURED: RUSSIAN ARTILLERY DEFENDING SEVASTOPOL AGAINST THE BRITISH AND FRENCH IN THE CRIMEAN WAR—DETAIL OF THE NOW RESTORED PANORAMA WHICH WAS DAMAGED BY GERMAN SHELLS.



SHOWING A BURSTING SHELL ON THE RIGHT AND RUSSIAN SOLDIERS DIRECTING THEIR FIRE ON THE ADVANCING ALLIED TROOPS: A VIVID REPRESENTATION OF THE HORRORS OF THE SIEGE OF SEVASTOPOL (DETAIL) IN 1855.

In our issue of October 20 we published vivid sketches by Captain the Hon. H. H. Clifford, a V.C. of Inkerman, depicting episodes in the Crimean War; and contemporary illustrations from *The Illustrated London News*. Here we reproduce detail of a panorama representing the Russian defence of Sevastopol against the Allied forces in the Crimean War. The city fell, a smoking ruin, on September 9, 1855. The panorama, 125½ yards long and 45 ft. 11 ins. high, by Rubo, was painted fifty years ago, and thus was not contemporary. In World War II. it was damaged by German fire during the 1941-42 defence of Sevastopol, cut into 86 pieces, holed in 6000 places and partially destroyed. A team of artists under V. Yakovlev began the restoration and, after his death, it was finished under the direction of P. Sokolov-Skalya, a member of the Academy of Arts of the U.S.S.R. It is now housed in the restored building of the Sevastopol Defence Panorama.

JAPANESE DANCERS IN LONDON.

On November 4 the Japanese Ballet of Miho Hanayagui (the prima ballerina) made its first appearance in London, at the Princes Theatre, for a short season until December 4. The company consists of six women dancers and one man, Mr. Masho Takeuchi, and is accompanied by a small group of Japanese musicians. They had previously appeared at the Theatre Marigny, Paris. Their programme consisted mainly of traditional or folk dances; and in general was a series of elaborate postures on the flat foot in heavy, complicated garments and appeared to follow complex conventions which were difficult for a Western audience to appreciate. Both Miss Miho Hanayagui and Mr. Masho Takeuchi, however, impressed by their obvious authority and control; and there were many pleasing stage pictures, particularly in the Nounozarashi, the dance of the washerwomen.



THE KABOUKI DANCE, WHICH CONCLUDED THE PROGRAMME OF THE JAPANESE BALLET OF MIHO HANAYAGUI: THE LEADING DANCER, MIHO HANAYAGUI, IS SEEN STANDING, WITH A FAN, SECOND FROM THE LEFT. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE MUSICIANS.



NOUNOZARASHI: THE DANCE OF THE WASHERWOMEN, WHO HAVE WASHED LONG VEILS, DYED IN BRIGHT COLOURS, IN THE RIVER AND ARE DRYING THEM BY WAVING THEM IN THE AIR. A DANCE WHICH HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON WITH RUSSIAN FOLK DANCING.



THE MUSICIANS OF THE JAPANESE BALLET: (L. TO R.) MR. KOHEI AMADA WITH THE KOTO, ON WHICH HE PLAYED A FANTASY OF HIS OWN COMPOSITION; AND MR. YAKICHI KINEYA AND MRS. KICHI KINEYA, WITH SHAMISENS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week offers a choice between two neat, small works of imagination and a big slice of the historic past—all good, and all quite different in appeal. So one can't hope to like them equally; and I confess that "Adam's Way," by Lonnie Coleman (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), struck me as disappointing after "Clara," and somewhat dubious on its own merits. But it is nothing if not professional; and that means readable in the extreme, and very probably a winner. As you may well judge from the plot alone—which is the good old story of Pygmalion, handsomely grafted on the deep South and the colour bar.

David Adams, the narrator, is in the town of Pluma but not of it: or, perhaps, the other way round. He was its black sheep forty years ago, and after that he commenced Timon; he lives a couple of miles out—but since the day when "mean old Jule" tempted him home upon conditions, he has never budged. Nor does his routine ever vary; books, walks, an evening gin, a weekly visit to the store. Yet he still passes for a reprobate; and he has still a bitter pleasure in annoying the townsfolk. When he was "old Jule's boy" nobody wanted him; now he despises them all back—including Portia Bates, his one-day bride. Or, rather, beginning with Portia. As Mrs. Thompson Bates she is unlovely, unregrettable—just what his heart could wish; but she is not forgiven. For in the years between, nothing has happened to him.

And he is bored, though unaware of it. So when he comes across her at the dépôt, dressed anyhow, and mounting guard over a suitcase and a Negro girl, he has two motives for butting in—malice and curiosity. Portia vainly tells him to keep quiet; and then the black girl is emboldened to set up a howl. She won't go to Montgomery; she's "skeered to go!" Next moment she has run for it. And why not, thinks David; she is a dirty, stupid little animal—but why should Thompson Bates be protected at her expense?

It is a shock when Jolly reappears on his own doorstep. But he can't refuse her a meal; and when the Reverend Furze, and Thompson Bates in person, press him to throw her out, he stops trying to get rid of her. She shall not only stay, but—he decides—she shall be humanised. The girl is not really so dumb; it would be sport to turn her brutish gabble into English, and to awake her mind. . . . And it is soon a huge success; by dint of nerve-storms, railing and vituperation, she has become a different girl, and the ex-Timon a new man. But Pluma is the same old town—guaranteed to think the worst, and work up for a lynching-scene. This is repressed by a new character, who hitherto has not spoken: but who proceeds to take over the plot, waft Galatea from the stage, and thrust Pygmalion back where he began.

OTHER FICTION.

"Swamp Angel," by Ethel Wilson (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), though far more charming, and (as the French say) very differently original, is much less of a story. Indeed, it has two branches, only attached by courtesy. First there is Mrs. Severance, with her vast bulk, her little pearl-handled revolver, known as the Swamp Angel, and her stiff, stormy daughter Hilda. Old Nell began life in a circus, married an upper-class eccentric, and had no time for the little girl; Philip was always itching to be off again. Of course she realised it was too bad; what she has never plumbed is Hilda's deep dislike of the Swamp Angel. Nell sees her golden youth in it—and Hilda, her forsaken childhood. And so we pass to the next theme: which has no contact with the first, except its jumping-off point in Vancouver, and the affection between Nell and Maggie Vardoe. On the brink of flight, Maggie has not even confided in her. She took on Eddie Vardoe from compassion—because he had spaniel's eyes; and because Tom, and little Polly, and her father were all dead. And now at last she has money enough to get away. The future is quite clear; she will be Mrs. Lloyd again and work up in the mountains, at a fishing-lodge. That was her early background, and to the Gunnarsens at Three Loon Lake she seems to have dropped from heaven. They made such a good start; then Haldar had his accident, Vera is incompetent and overworked, and little Alan is too small. And now this quiet, plain, beautiful, effectual angel has come to set all right again. If it were not for poor Vera's resentment.

Which can't suggest the truth of the relations; or the psychology, at once implacable and tender; or the free, personal, enchanting style. The tale is full of grace-notes—such as the Chinese family, or the lovely fawn-and-kitten scene; and it is deeply feminine.

"Wife to Henry V.," by Hilda Lewis (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.), deserves more space, but, on the other hand, can do without. We know the history of Catharine the Fair, with her mad father, her disgraceful background, her eager mating with the Enemy, and her dim, secret happiness with Owen Tudor, a fellow "of no birth ne livelihoode," although, of course, a descendant of Welsh kings. Here it is fully, faithfully and admirably told. There was some awkwardness about the heroine, since she is really too small for the book—and a hard, selfish little thing at that. As has been said, "her bridal music was the groans of France," and she was perfectly happy about it. This writer does not attempt to spruce her up, or to enlarge her very minor character; rather, she grows more pleasing as she finds her true level of insignificance.

"Venice Preserve Me," by John Appleby (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is an unusual type of thriller. Anne Morton, at an immaculate hotel in Venice, goes to wash her hands—and finds the basin full of crawling things. This she takes pretty well; but she is a shade distraught when someone starts moving the furniture, and when she learns that last year an unidentified girl, something like her, was strangled in that very room. Matters are further complicated by the reappearance of Peter Fearnley, and by his dog-and-cat relationship with her new escort, the finical Dudley Gray. The mystery is soon disclosed; but there remains a very unorthodox problem of what to do about it, and a suspenseful chase around the Doge's Palace in a flood. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A GREAT SINGER AND A LOVABLE PERSONALITY.

ALAS, it never happened to me to have the privilege of hearing the late Kathleen Ferrier sing. Even before reading "Kathleen Ferrier: A Memoir," edited by Neville Cardus (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), my friends, whose judgment I value, had told me how remarkable she was. When she died, a comparatively young woman, she was already at the height of her powers. Whether they would have developed further to put her among the immortals I am not capable of judging. She must have been, however, not merely a great singer but a most lovable personality. In this book, Sir John Barbirolli, Benjamin Britten, Roy Henderson, Gerald Moore, that great accompanist (incidentally, one of the most attractive of all the photographs of the book portrays him with Kathleen Ferrier), Dr. Bruno Walter, pay their differing tributes. They differ only in the angle of their approach. They agree in their gratitude for having been associated with this wonderful artist and charming person. The factors that come together to make a genius in the artistic world bear no relation to any other form of heredity. A Churchill, an Eden—outstandingly—a Cecil, can easily be traced in the stud book of statesmanship. Kathleen Ferrier, on the other hand, was originally a brash little North Country girl with an innate, if concealed, capacity for musical greatness. The contributors to this book, which is delightful in its subject, if melancholy in the fact that it was necessary for it to be written, deal largely with Kathleen Ferrier, the world-acclaimed genius. Mr. Neville Cardus, on the other hand, takes us back to the early days of her life, when she was a telephone operator on the Blackburn Exchange. He points out that until she was a girl of twenty "nobody had so far remarked upon the voice, except possibly a connoisseur or two on the telephone in Blackburn, men of acute and imaginative senses, who would risk a call any dull evening in the hope that a girl's response, rich as a plum, might be heard." Yet even at this stage she was a pianist rather than a singer. Quite by chance, happening to hear a singing class next door, she said to a friend: "I think I could make nicer noises than those." The friend bet her a shilling that she would not go into a contest for contraltos. She did, and was awarded the Rose Bowl, the Blue Riband of all North of England's aspiring singers. From that moment, as a singer she never looked back. Nevertheless, her training as a pianist gave her that little extra something, in addition to her peerless voice, which put her into the front rank—a sense of musicianship. A charming book, the proceeds of which, incidentally, go to the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Scholarships.

"The Holy Land," by James Riddell (Batsford; 30s.), is a very attractive book. I have known Jimmy Riddell in another capacity, i.e., as a world-famous skier, for twenty years or more. He is a man of many parts. I ran into him in the war in Syria when he was running the ski mountaineering school in the Lebanon. Now he appears in a fresh guise—a brilliant photographer of probably the most fascinating country in the world. The photographs are beautiful, and the choice of the texts from the Bible, which serve as additional captions, demonstrates once more that so often a scholar can be at the same time a man of action.

We are a curious people. We are apt to take pride in qualities which, if we possess them all, are not matters for congratulation, such as our supposed "genius for muddling through" or our "traditional British reserve," which so often means an inability to state our own case effectively; and at the same time to ignore, or at least to take for granted, certain characteristics in which it is fair to say we surpass every other nation. One such quality is our national genius for architecture, by which I mean not only the ability to design superb buildings (every country has its share of these), but the rarer and more difficult art of placing the perfect building, perfectly built, in the perfect setting. This is one of the truest expressions of our quality as a nation: the supreme collaboration between architect, craftsman-builder and a third party—the man with the eye for the setting in which the building is to be seen, sometimes a professional landscape designer, like Capability Brown or William Kent, sometimes that nowadays despised character, the rich, noble and gifted patron.

The brightest flowering of this great national gift was the eighteenth century, following the magnificent inspiration of Wren, and succeeded by the brilliant early Victorians, who are only now beginning to be appreciated. A catalogue of the architects who play their part in this great period of English building will not only cause our hearts to swell with patriotic pride, but is liable to astonish most of us by the richness of its material. Such a work—one of the most valuable and delightful books of reference that it has been my pleasure to read—is "A Biographical Dictionary of English Architects, 1660-1840," by H. M. Colvin (Murray; 70s.). Here are listed in alphabetical order every architect and designer of buildings who flourished in the period concerned, together with fascinating biographical details and authoritative lists of the works of each. Mr. Colvin reminds us that the incredible

Wren was responsible for building no fewer than fifty-two churches in the City of London alone, and he finds space for T. Barnes who, with optimistic ambition, exhibited in 1831 "a proposed design for rebuilding one of the Universities."

The gift for putting the right building in the right place extended, of course, far beyond professional architects. It is the instinct of local craftsmen-builders which has made our English villages what they are. The mansion may have been built by one of the architects listed in Mr. Colvin's Dictionary, but the cottages are the work of local craftsmen expressing the same native genius in their own way. In "English Cottages and Farmhouses" (Thames and Hudson; 42s.), Miss Olive Cook and Mr. Edwin Smith have produced a series of pictures, with informative text, of some splendid examples of cottages from all over England. Mr. Smith's pictures make me want to set out and find some more for myself—and wherever in England I go I am certain of doing so. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

DURING most of September, the eyes of chess players were trained on Amsterdam, where the latest of the International Team Tournaments, which are becoming dependably every-other-year events, was held. Teams of six, representing twenty-six different countries, played in the course of exactly three weeks the prodigious total of 916 games. If we list the teams in the final order of finishing, it will underline the current dominance of the Slav countries but at the same time remind us how wonderfully universal is the appeal of chess: 1. U.S.S.R. 2. Argentina. 3. Yugoslavia. (Had the U.S.A. taken part they would certainly have gained second or third place, but their Federation is undertaking a laborious retrenchment which has turned their attention inward to home affairs for awhile.) 4. Czechoslovakia. 5. Western Germany. 6. Hungary. 7. Israel (the revelation of the tournament). 8. Holland. 9. England (could have been worse!). 10. Bulgaria. 11. Sweden. 12. Iceland (I have referred to the prowess of these northern islanders in these notes). 13. Switzerland. 14. Canada. 15. Austria. 16. Denmark. 17. Italy. 18. Colombia. 19. Belgium. 20. Finland. 21. France. 22. Saar. 23. Norway. 24. Greece. 25. Ireland. 26. Luxemburg.

Here are just two of the games, each opened on the most peacefully orthodox lines, yet summarily concluded within thirty moves and each decided by that age-old factor: the irruption of a rook into a weakened back rank.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

White	Black	White	Black
STAHLBERG (Sweden)	MORCKEN (Norway)	STAHLBERG (Sweden)	MORCKEN (Norway)
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	11. B×P	Kt-Q4
2. P-QB4	P-K3	12. B-KKt3	Kt×Kt
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	13. P×Kt	B-B3
4. Kt-B3	B-K2	14. Castles	P-K4
5. B-Kt5	QKt-Q2	15. Q-Kt6	R-K2
6. P-K3	Castles	16. P×P	Kt×P
7. R-B1	P-B3	17. Kt×Kt	B×Kt
8. Q-B2	R-K1	18. KR-Q1	Q-B2
9. B-Q3	P-KR3	19. B×B	R×B
10. B-R4	P×P		
Wait for it . . .			
20. Q×BPch	Q×Q	21. R-Q8ch	K-R2

Not 21. . . . R-K1?? 22. R×Rch and Black cannot recapture, his queen being pinned.
22. B×Q R-K2 23. B-Kt8ch K-Kt3
and after 24. R(B1)-Q1, Black resigned. Materially, he is only a pawn to the bad; but positionally, a fearsome task confronts him in the development of his unmoved rook.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

White	Black	White	Black
P. NIELSEN (Denmark)	OREN (Israel)	P. NIELSEN (Denmark)	OREN (Israel)
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	13. Castles	Kt×B
2. P-QB4	P-K3	14. Kt×Kt	Kt-Kt5
3. Kt-QB3	P-Q4	15. Kt×Kt	B×Kt
4. B-Kt5	B-K2	16. P-B3	B-K3
5. P-K3	P-KR3	17. Q-KB2	P-QB4
6. B-R4	QKt-Q2	18. QR-Q1	P×P
7. Kt-B3	Castles	19. P×P	B-R5
8. P×P	P×P	20. P-KKt3	B-B3
9. Q-B2	R-K1	21. B-Kt1	Q-Q2
10. B-Q3	P-B3	22. Q-QB2	P-KKt3
11. B-Kt3	Kt-R4	23. Q-Kt3	B-R6
12. B-K5	Kt(R4)-B3	24. R-B2	

Avoiding 24. KR-K1 because of the reply 24. . . . R×Rch; 25. R×R, B×Pch (or, for that matter, 24. . . . B×Pch at once) but wait for it!
24. B×P! 25. Kt×P

Discovering to his chagrin that 25. R×B? R-K8ch (that fatal back rank!) would end the game forthwith. (26. R-B1, R×R mate.)

25. R-K7!! 27. Kt×Q. B×Rch
26. Kt-B6ch K-R1! 28. K-R1 B-Q5
and White resigned. 29. . . . B-Kt7 mate is the threat. If 29. R×B, R-K8 mate. 29. R-Kt1, B-Kt7ch; 30. R×B, R-K8ch spells mate just the same, in only one move more. A nice finish.



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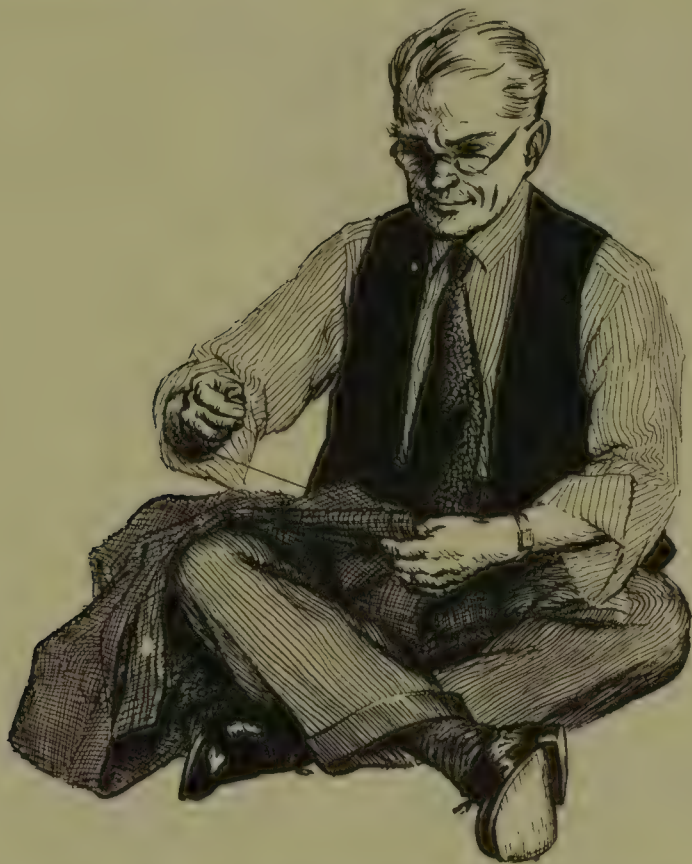
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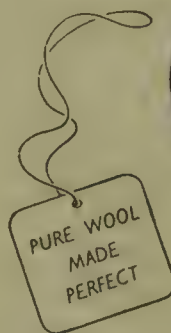
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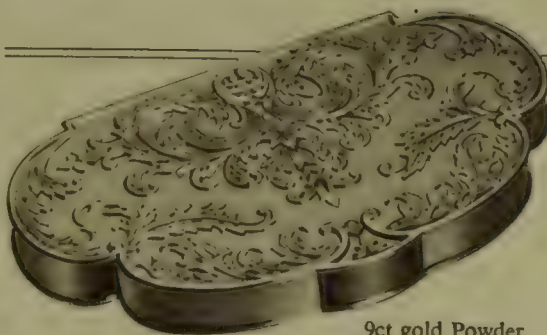
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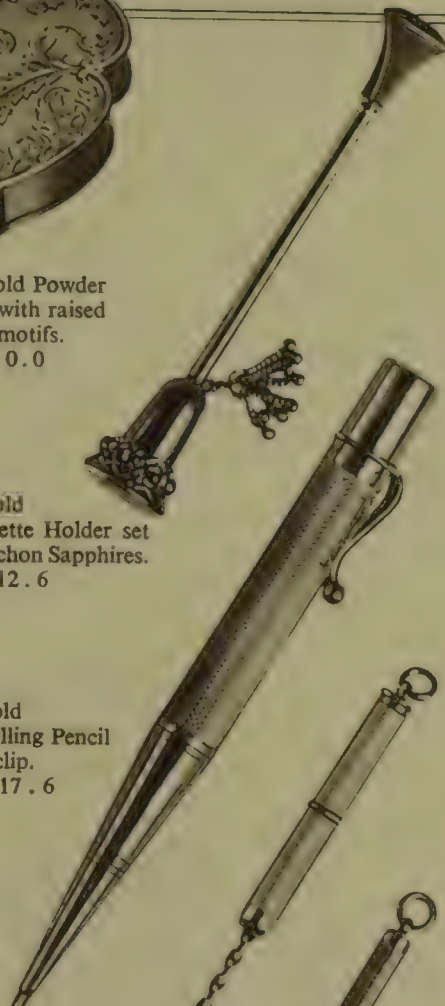
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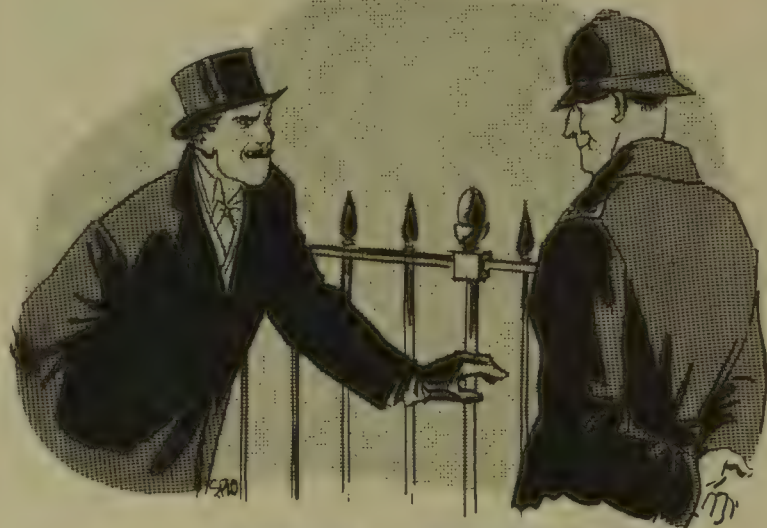
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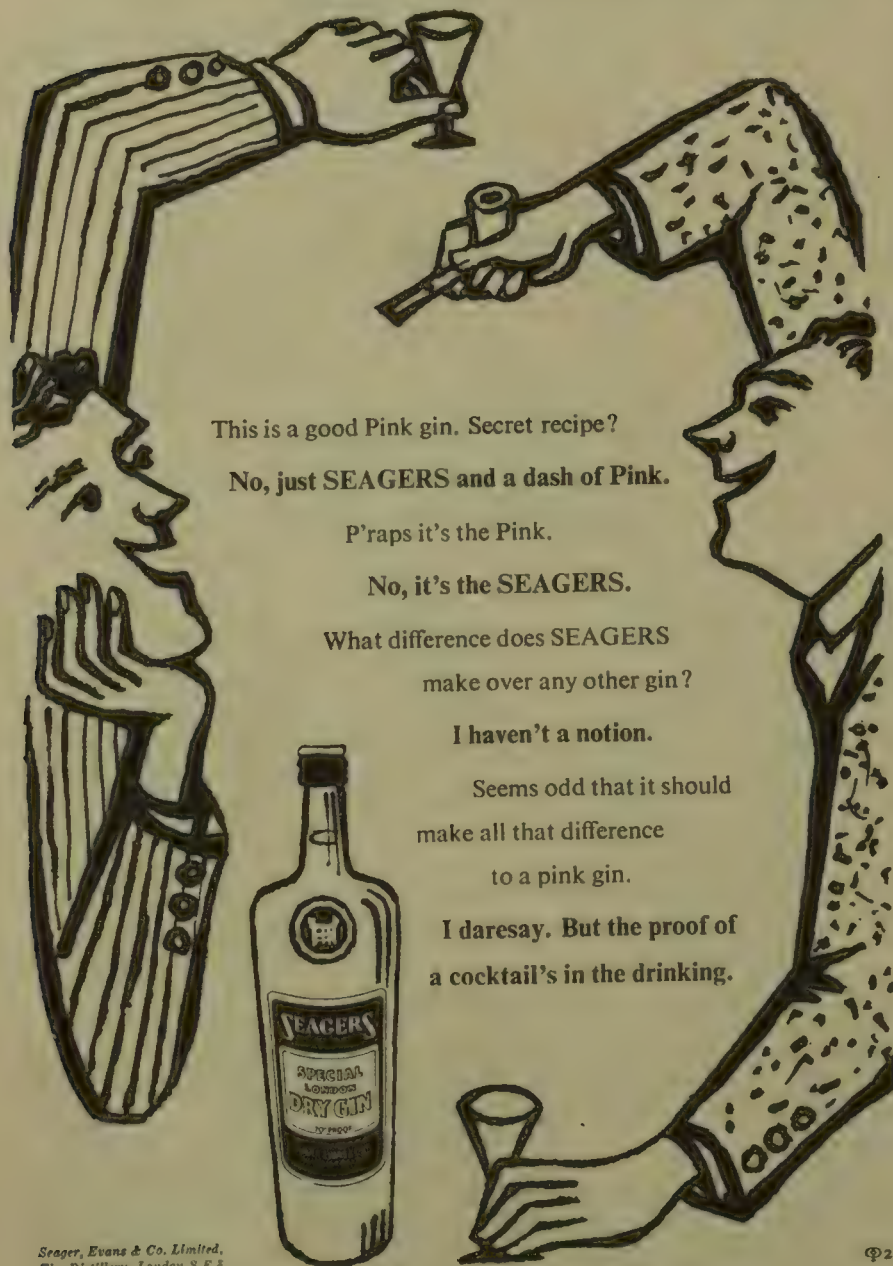
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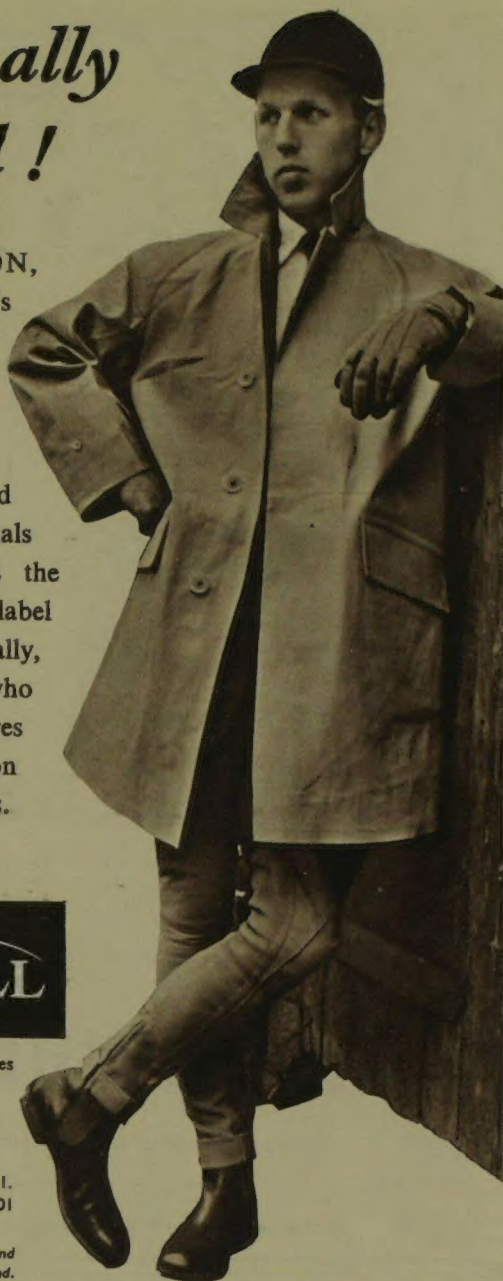


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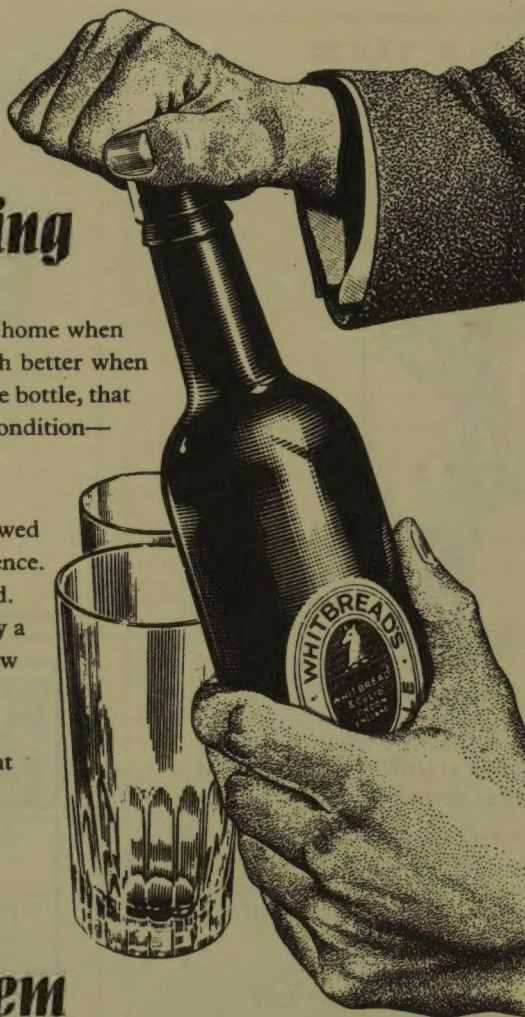
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